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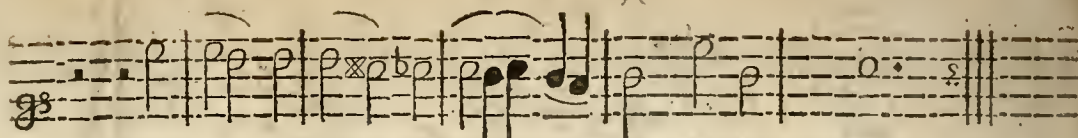


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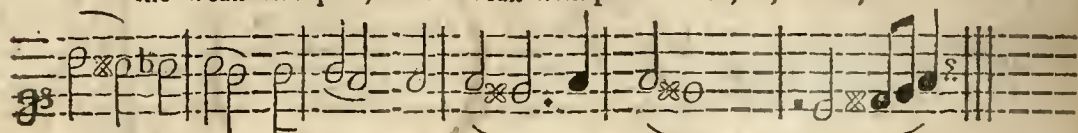
1m 4

1m 4

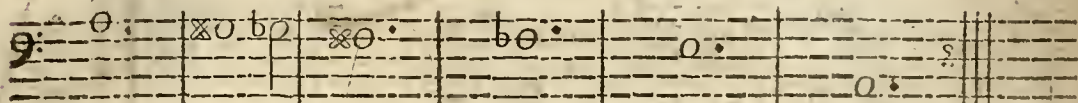




the weak with pain, the weak with pain. No, no, no,



pain, the weak with pain, the weak with pain. No, no,

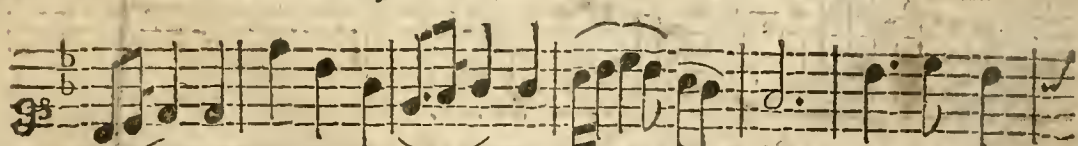
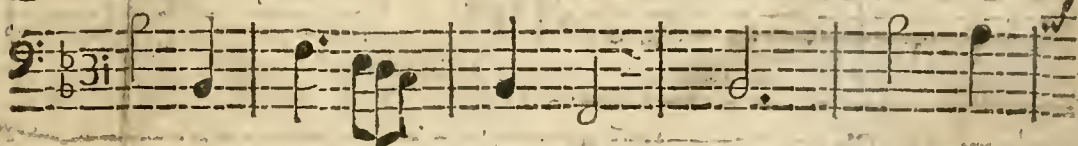


End with the first Strain from this mark. :S:

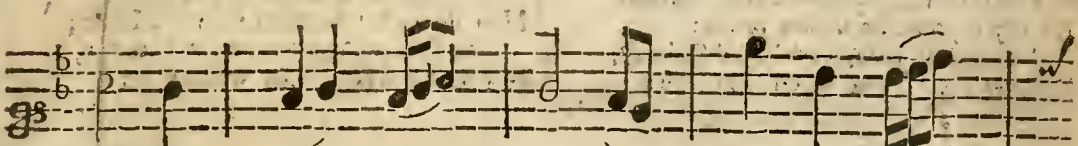
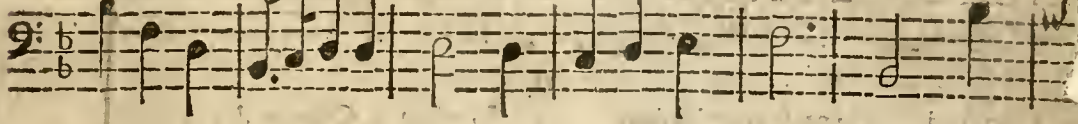
A Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



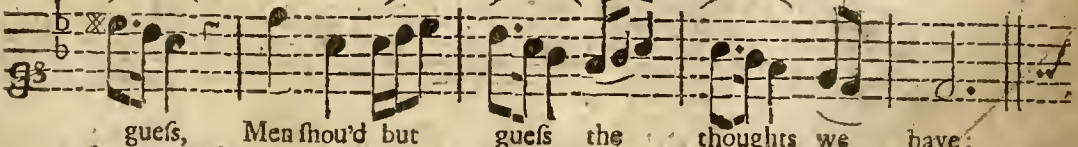
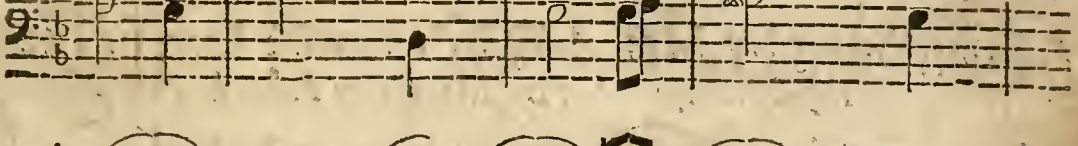
S He that wou'd gain a faith—full Lo—ver, must at a



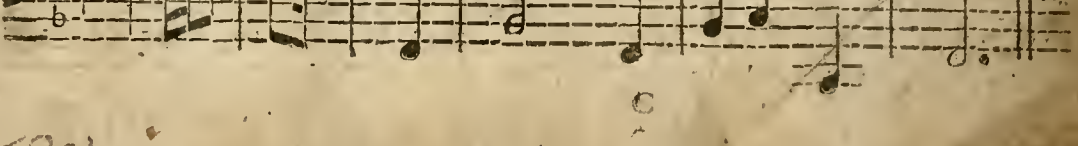
distance, must at a di—fance keep the slave; not by a



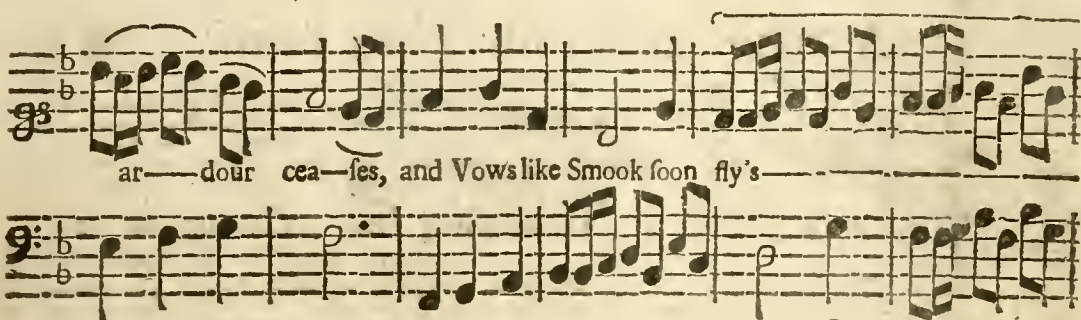
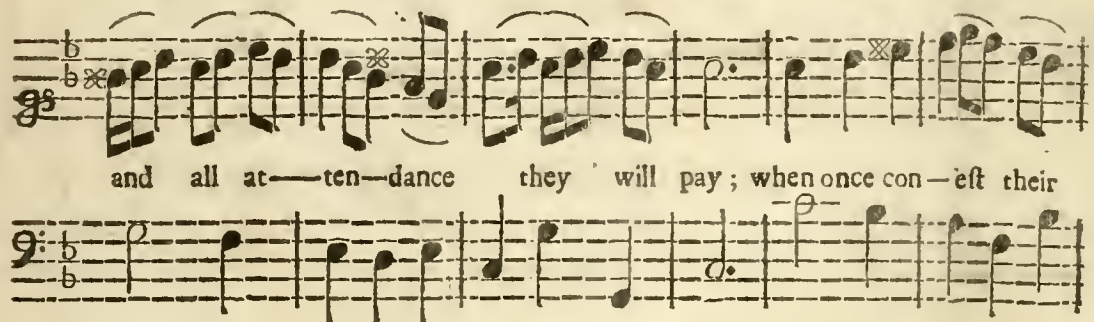
look her Heart dis—co—ver, Men shou'd but



guess, Men shou'd but guess the thoughts we have.



1st book "Delicacies Musicales"

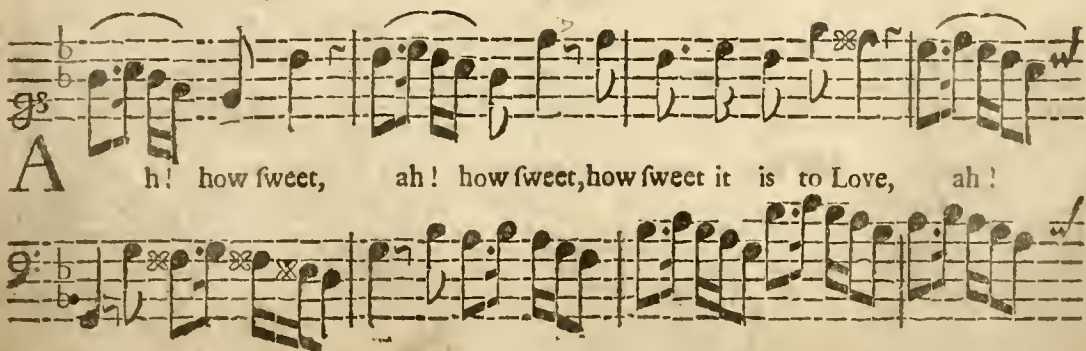


II.

Then fond *Aurelia* cease complaining,
All thy reproaches useless prove;
Beauty may conquer whilst disdain,
But lose their value when they love:

So when a Comet does appear,
Men do with trembling view the Blaze ;
The Sun too common none does fear,
Nor on his Beams with wonder gaze.

A Song Sung by Mrs. Ayliff in *Tyrannick Love*, or the
Royal Martyr. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



ah! ah! how gay is young de— fire:

And what plea—sing pain, and what plea—sing pain we prove; when first, when

first we feel a Lovers fire; paines of Love are swee—ter

far, then all, all, all, all, all o—ther pleasures are; paines of

Love are swee—ter far, then all, all, all, all other plea—

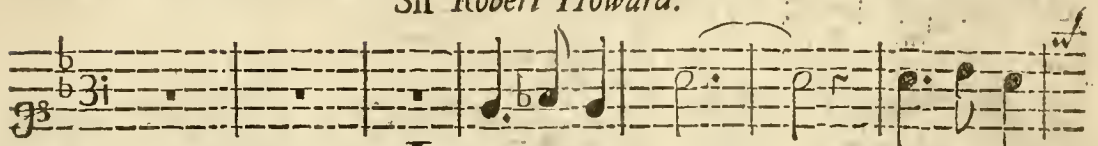
fures are. are.

II.

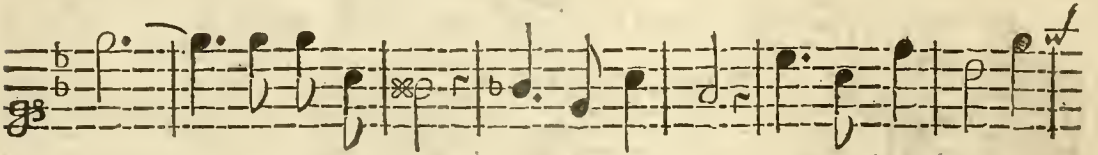
Sighs that are from Lovers blown,
Gently move and heave the Heart;
Even the Tears they shed alone,
Like trickling Balsome cure the smart;

Lovers when they loose their breath,
Bleed away an easy death.

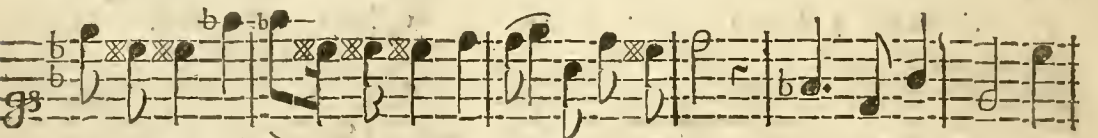
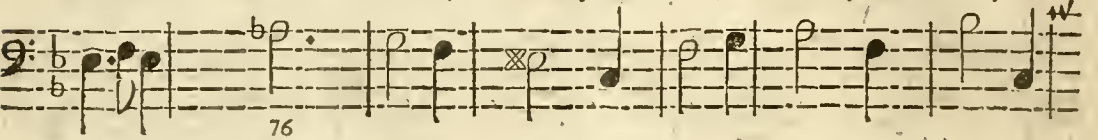
A Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell. The Words by
Sir Robert Howard.



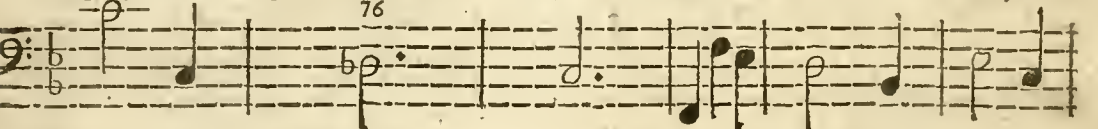
Love thou can'st hear, Love thou can'st



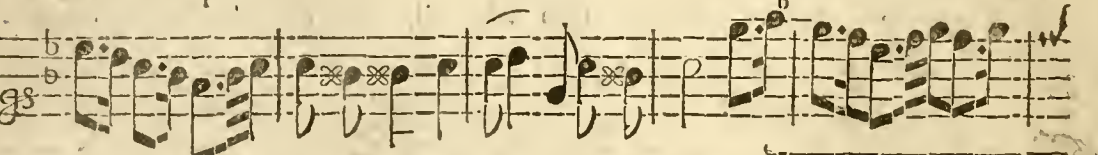
hear tho' thou art blind; leave my heart free, leave my heart free, oh!



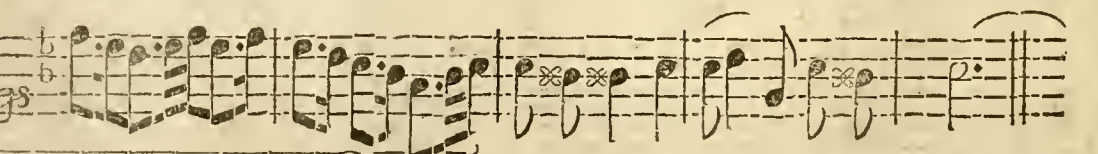
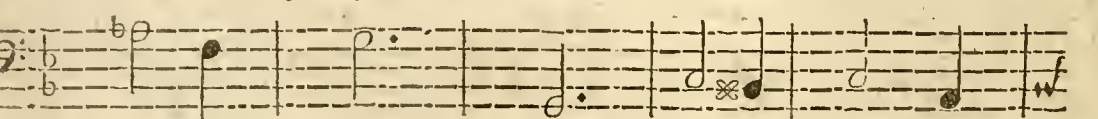
pitty me, oh! pit—ty me, since Clo—ris is unkind; leave my heart free, oh!



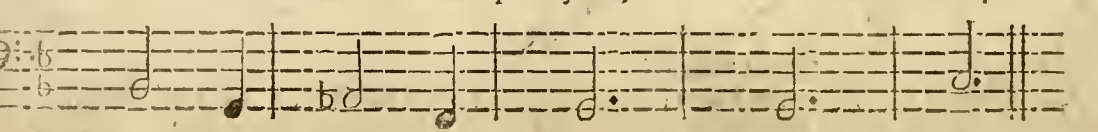
pit—ty me, oh! pit—ty me oh!

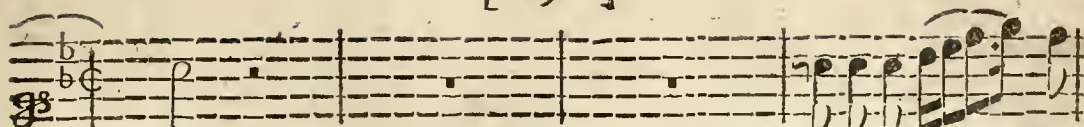


pit—ty me, since Clo—ris is unkind oh!

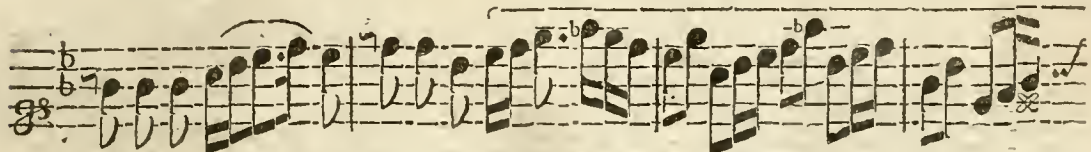


pit—ty me, since Clo—ris is un—kind.]

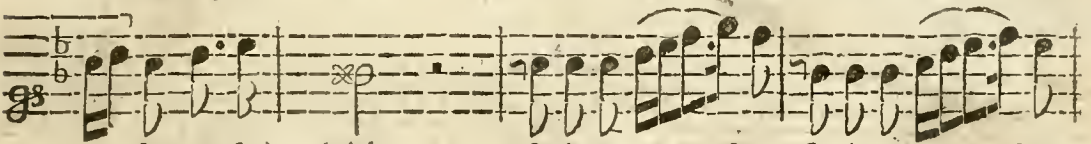
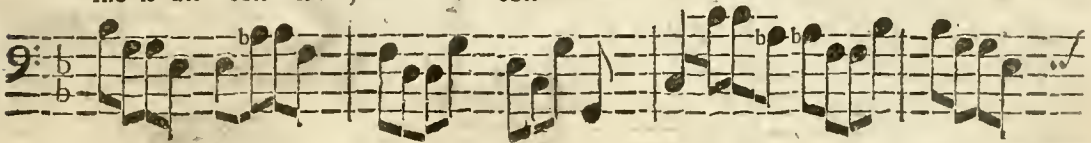




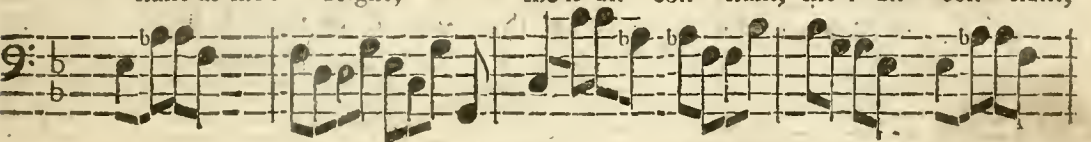
She is un—con—stant,



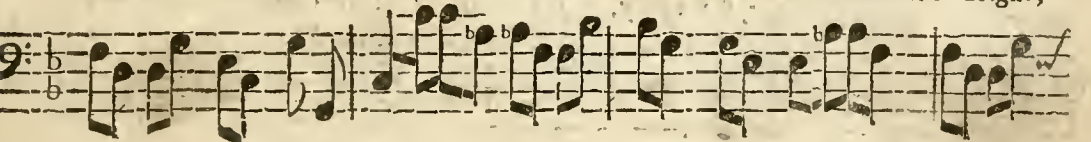
she is un—con—stant, she is un—con—



stant as she's bright; she is un—con—stant, she is un—con—stant,



she is un—con—stant as she's bright;



her smi—les on ev'ry Shepherd

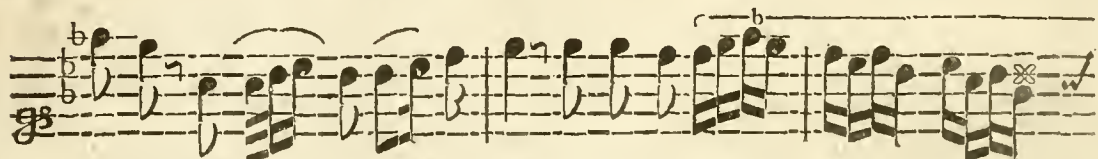


fall, her smi—les on ev'ry Shepherd fall;

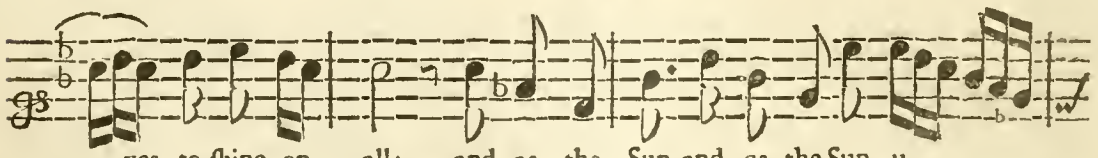




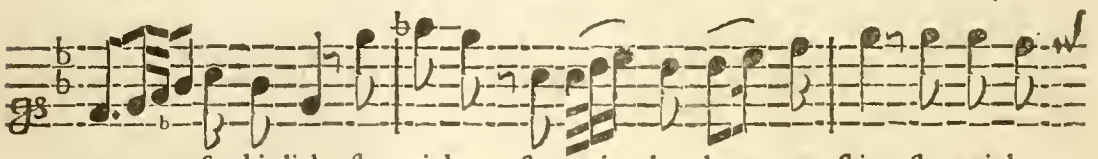
And as the Sun, and as the Sun u



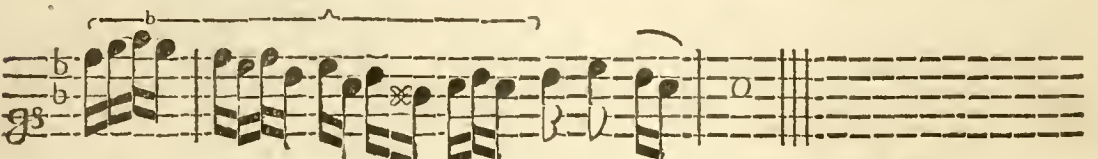
vainly, the vain—ly loves to shine, the vainly lo



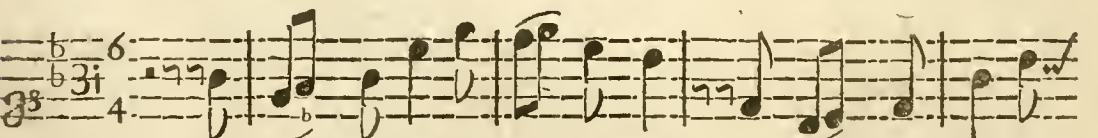
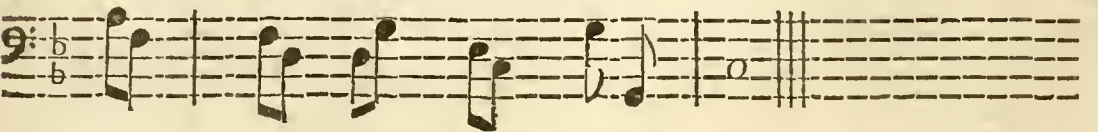
ves to shine on all; and as the Sun, and as the Sun, u



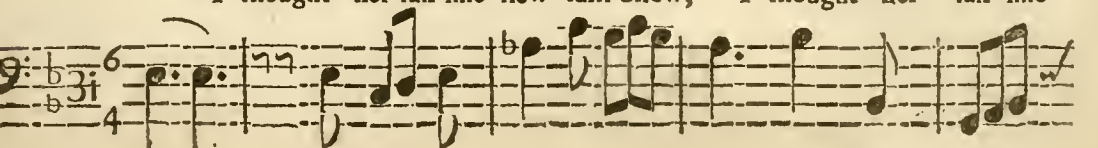
ses his light, the vainly, the vain—ly loves to shine, the vainly

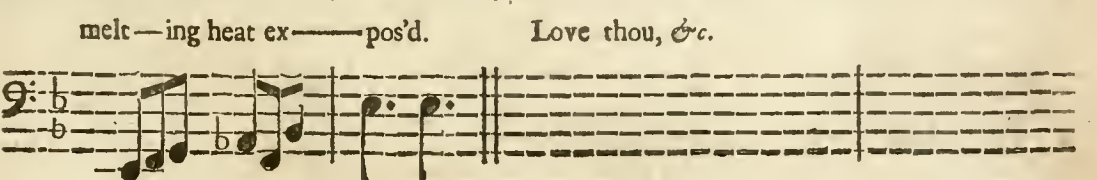
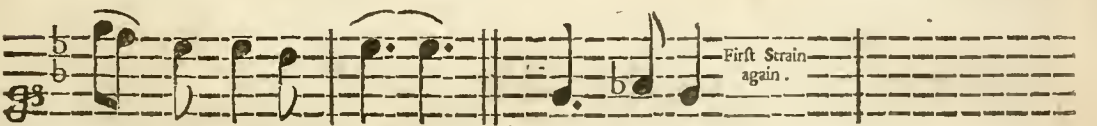
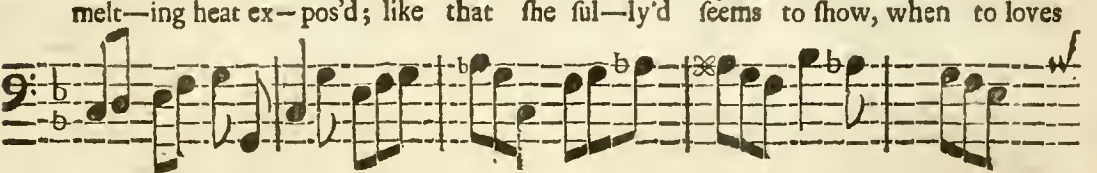
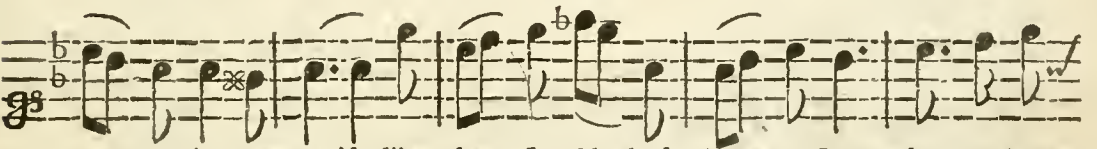
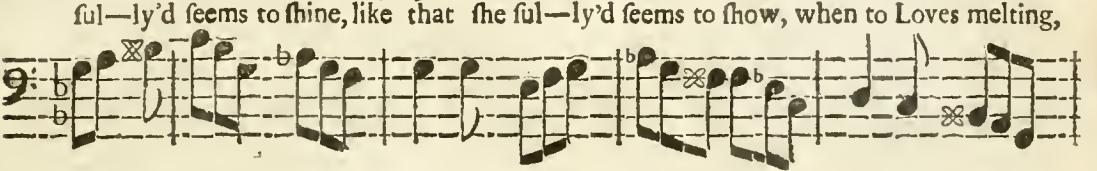
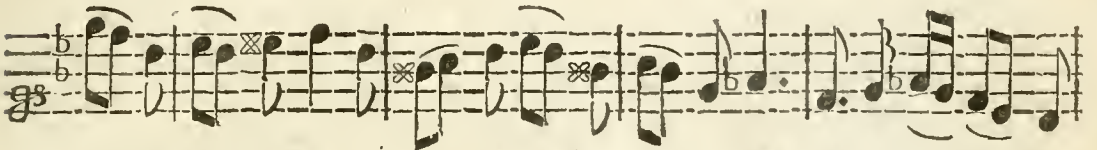
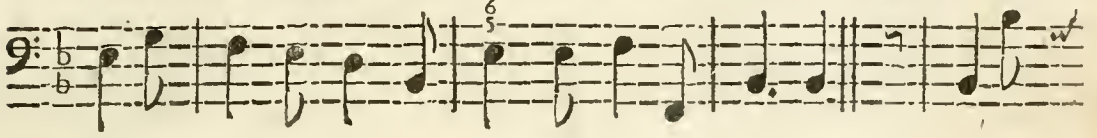
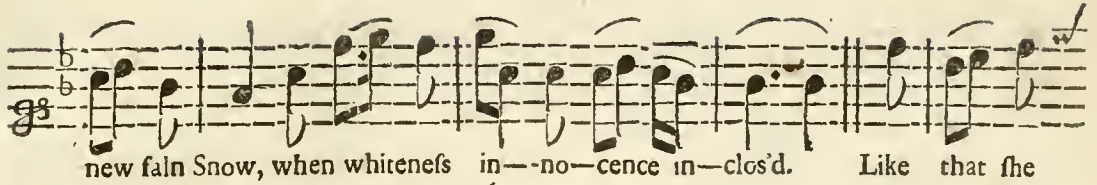


lo ves to shine on all.



I thought her fair like new falln Snow, I thought her fair like

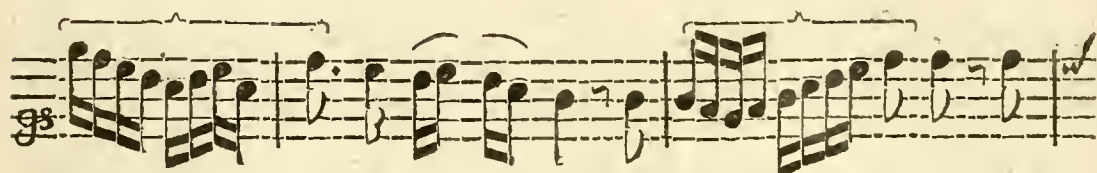
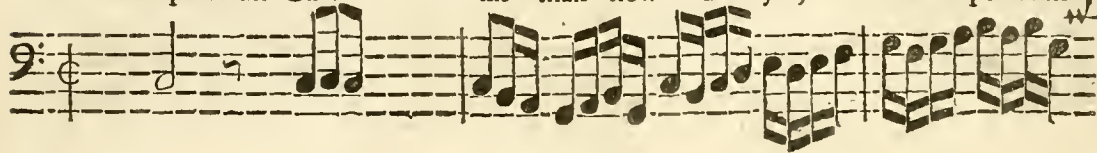




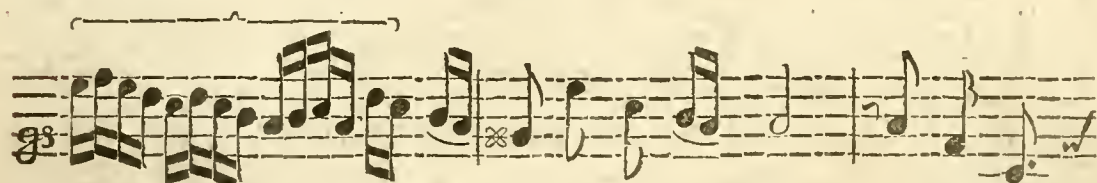
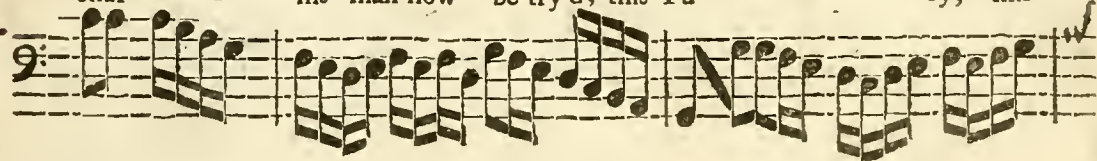
Brisk Time.



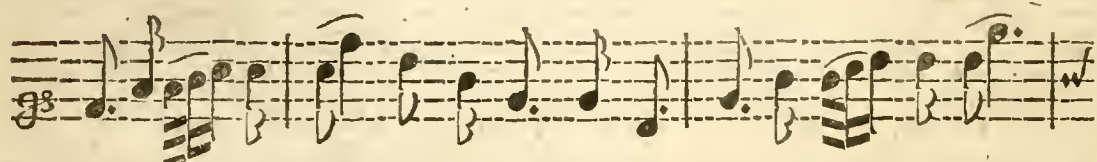
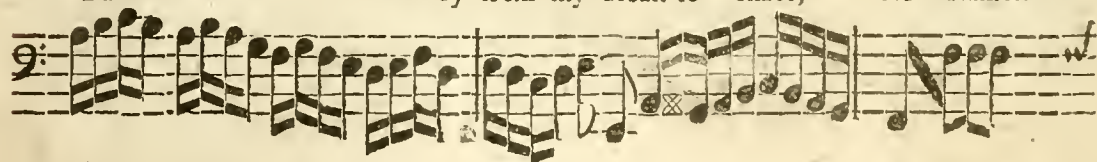
The powerfull Char — ms shall now be try'd, the powerfull



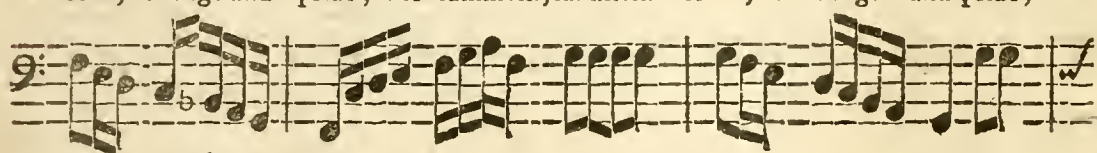
char — ms shall now be try'd; this Fu — ry, this



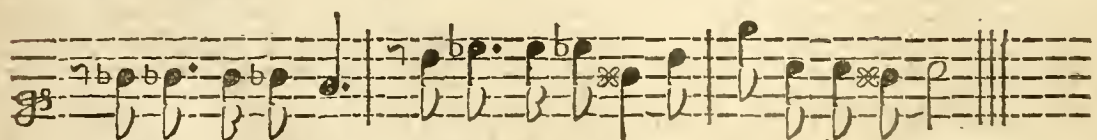
Fu — ry from my breast to chace, I'll summons



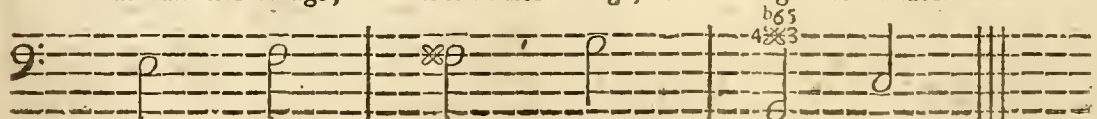
scorn, revenge and pride; I'll summons, summons scorn, re-venge and pride;



Slow.



at least her Image, at least her Image, her Image to deface.



A Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell. The Words by
Mr. Congreve.

Ious Ce---lin---da goes to Prayers, if I but ask, if I but ask the
favour; and yet the tender, tender Fool's in tears when she believes, when
she believes I'll leave her: Wou'd I were, wou'd I were free from this restraint, or
else had hopes, or else had hopes to win her; wou'd she cou'd, wou'd she cou'd
make of me a Saint, or I of her, or I of her a Sinner;
wou'd I cou'd, wou'd I cou'd, oh! wou'd I cou'd make of her a Sinner.

A Song set by Mr. Courtiville. The Words by
Mr. Congreve.

G Rant me gen-tle Love, said I, 'one choice blessing e're I dye,

long I've born ex--cess of pain, let me now, let me now, let me now,

now some blifs ob--tain; thus, thus, thus, thus to al--migh--ty

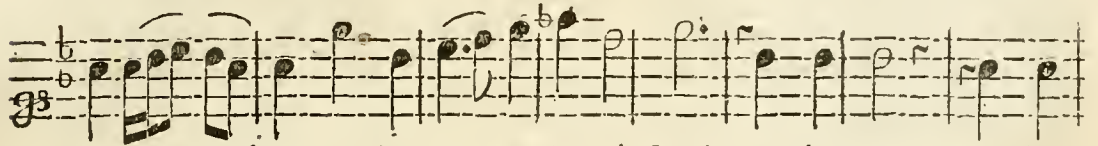
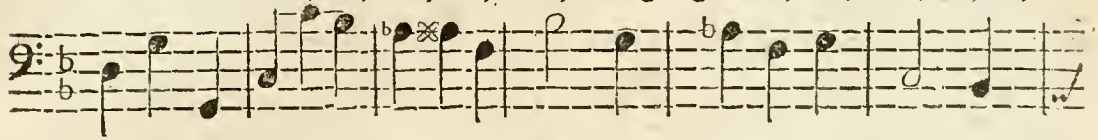
Love, almigh--ty Love I cry'd when an--gry, thus, thus, thus, thus,

thus, thus, thus, thus, when angry, thus, thus, thus the God re--ply'd: when

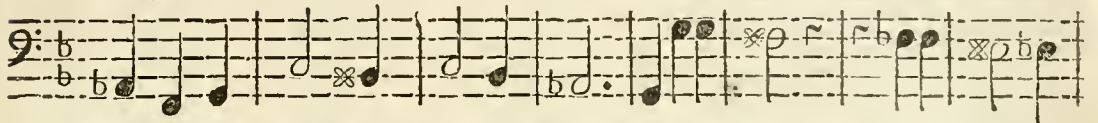
an--gry, thus, thus, thus the God re--ply'd: B'effings greater, none, none, none, none



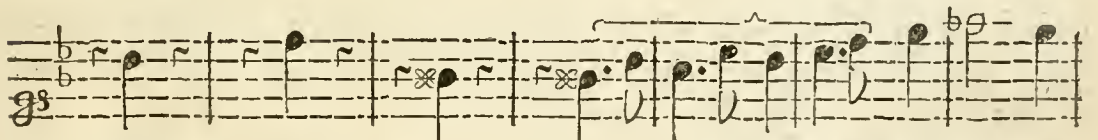
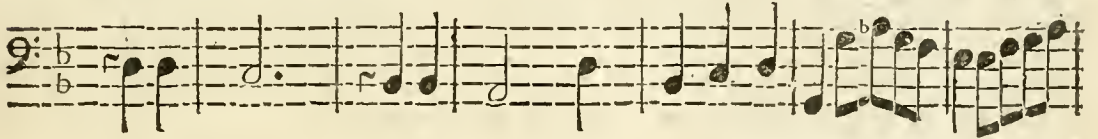
none can have, no, no, no, none, blessing's grea-ter, no, no, no, no,



no, none can have; art thou not A-min-ta's slave? art thou not, art thou



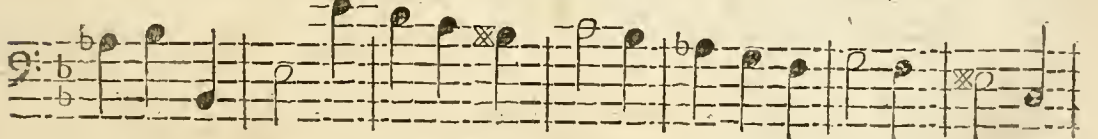
not, art thou not, art thou not A-min-ta's slave? cease,



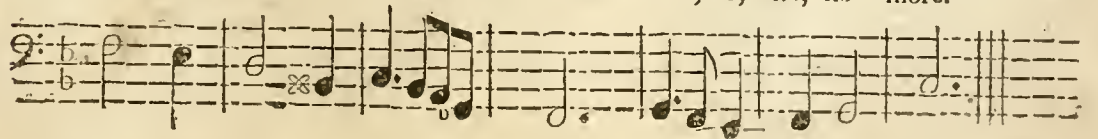
cease, cease, cease, cea — — — — — se-fond mor — tal



to implore, for Love, Love himself's no more, no more, for Love himi-



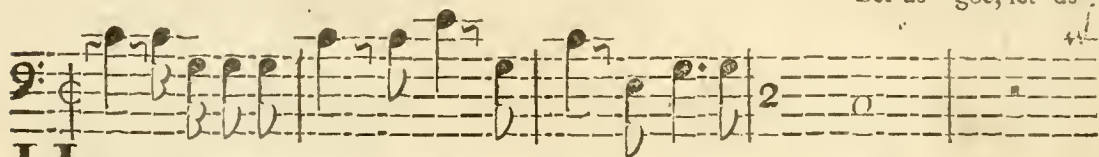
— self's, no more, for Love himself's no more, no, no, no more.



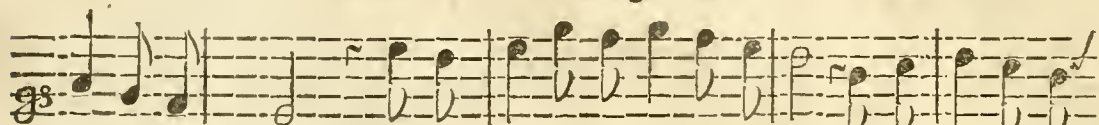
A Dialogue in *Tyrannick Love*, or the *Royal Martyr*,
Sung by Mr. *Bowman*, and Mrs. *Ayliff*, Set by Mr. *H. Purcell*.



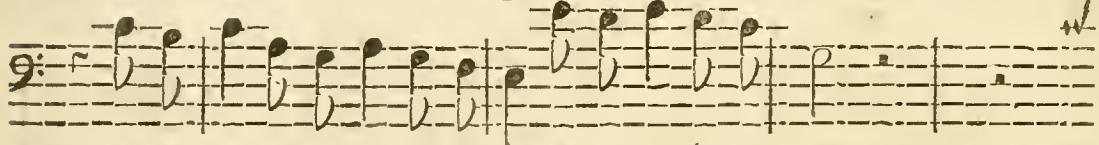
Let us goe, let us



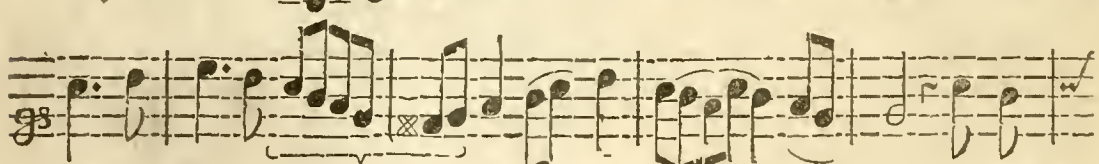
Hark my *David* car! hark we're cal'd, we're cal'd, we're cal'd be — low ;



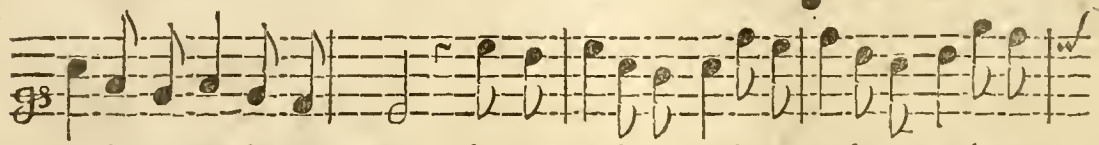
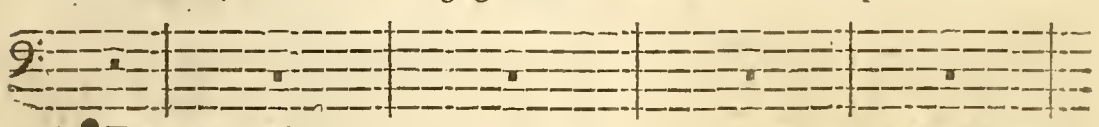
goe, let us goe ; let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe to re —



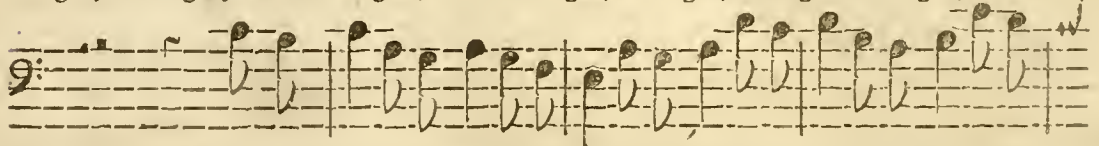
let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe ;



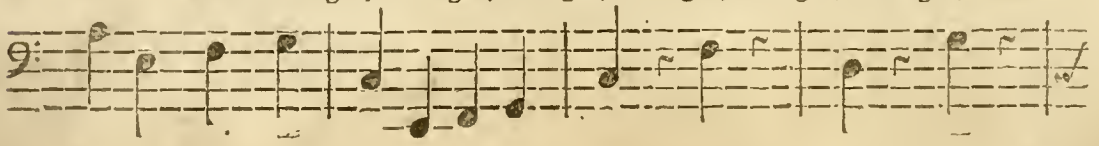
— leave the care, of lon — — — — — ging Lovers in dif — pair ; let us

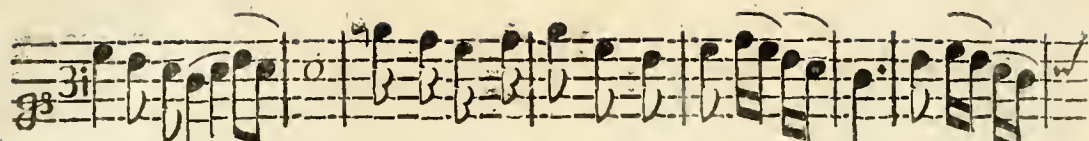


goe, let us goe, let us goe ; let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us

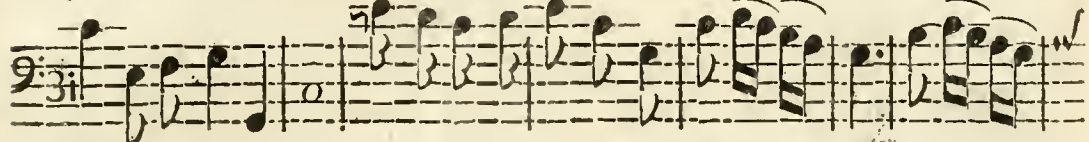


let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us

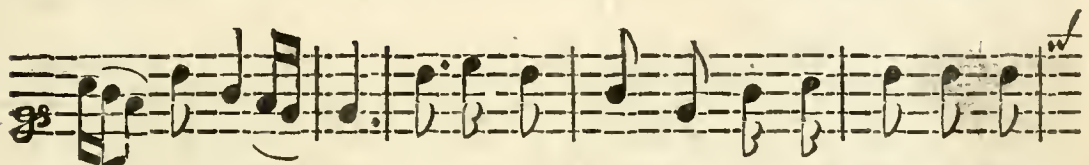




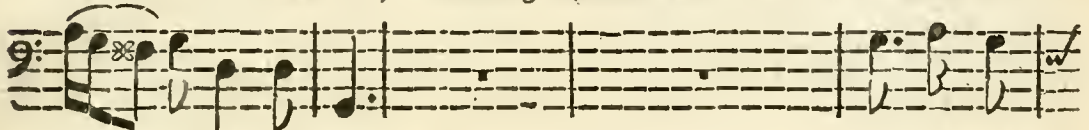
goe, let us, let us goe; merry, merry, merry we Sayle from the East; half tip-pl'd



goe, let us, let us goe; merry, merry, merry we Sayle from the East; half tip-pl'd

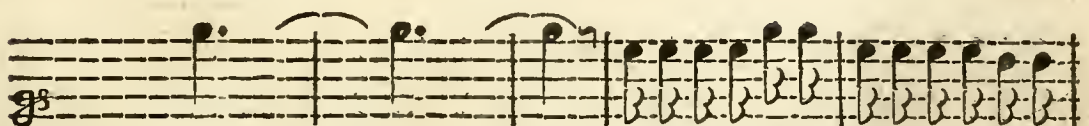


at the Rainbow Feast; in the bright Moon-shine whilst the Winds whistle

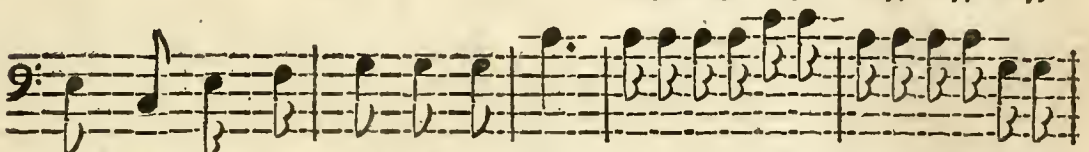


at the Rainbow Feast;

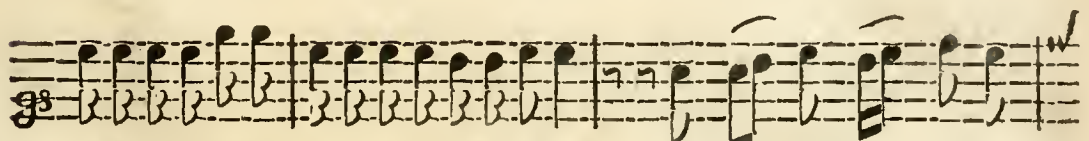
in the bright



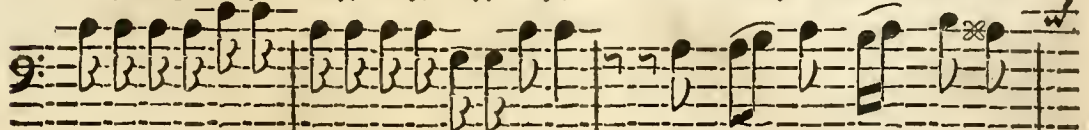
loud; tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy,



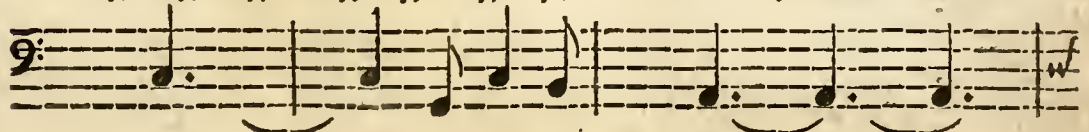
Moon-shine, whilst the Winds whistle loud; tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy

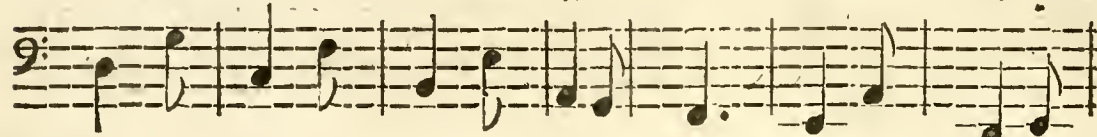
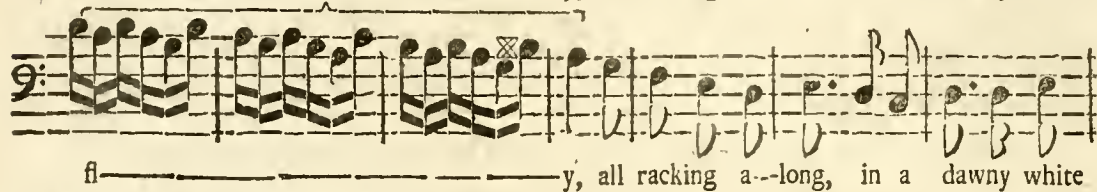


tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy; we mount, we mount and we

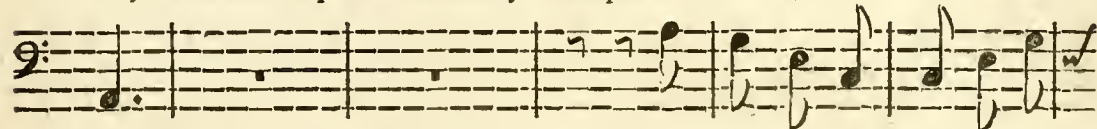


tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy; we mount, we mount and we

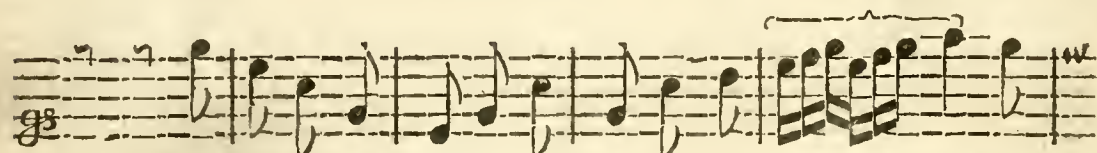




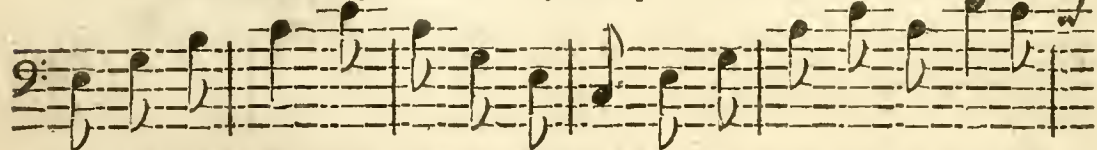
Cloud, and leaft our leap from the Sky shou'd prove too farr,



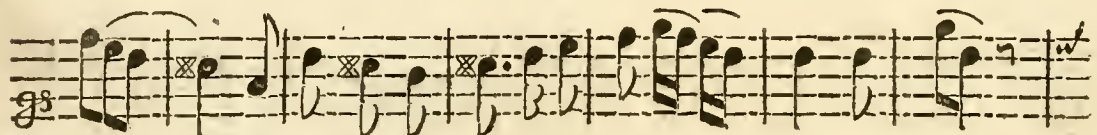
Cloud, and leaft the leap from the Sky



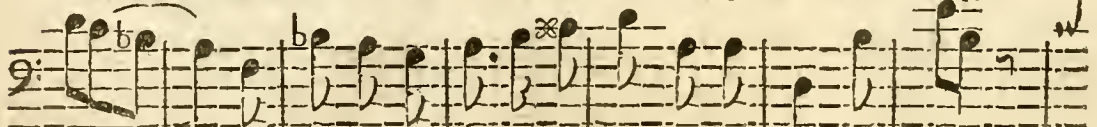
and leaft our leap from the Sky shou'd prove too fa--rr, we'll



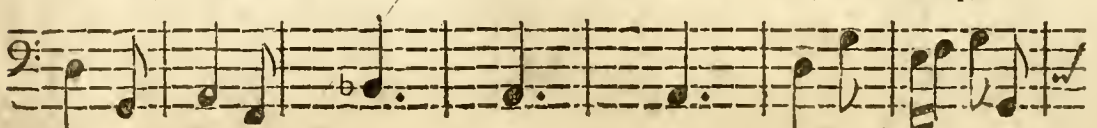
shou'd prove too farr, and leaft our leap from the Sky shou'd prove too farr, we'll



slide, we'll slide on the back of a new fal-ling Star, and drop,

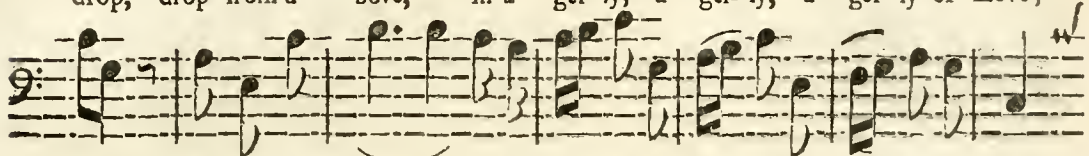


slide, we'll slide on the back of a new fal-ling Star, and drop,

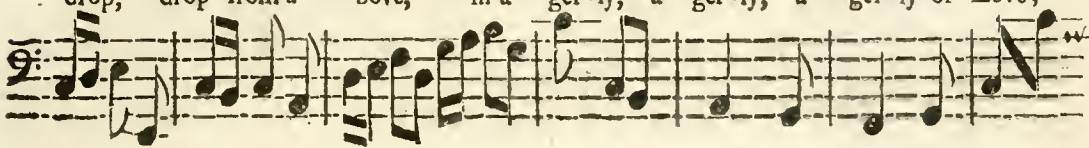




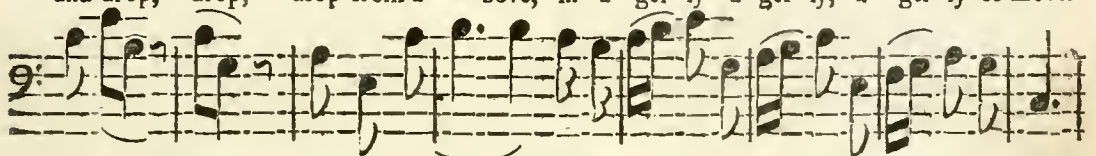
drop, drop from a—bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love;



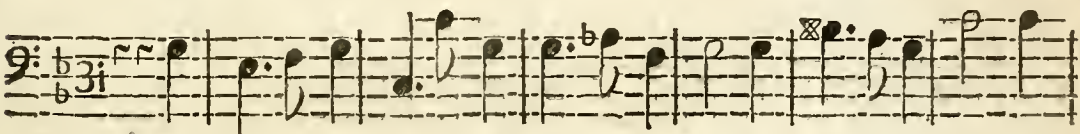
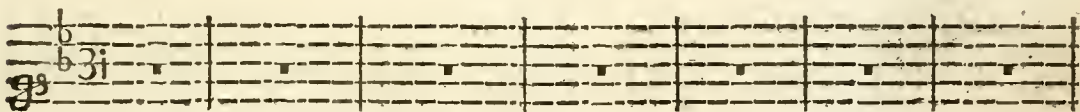
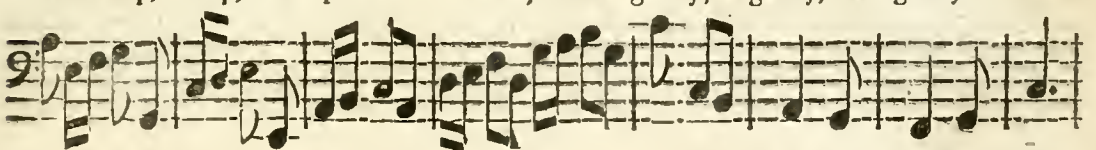
drop, drop from a—bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love;



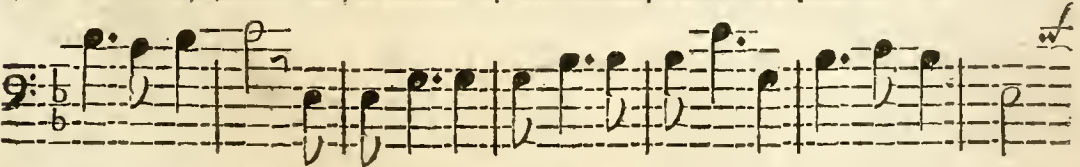
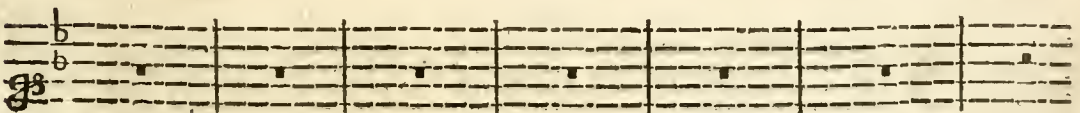
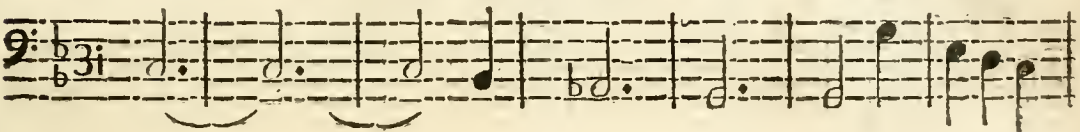
and drop, drop, drop from a—bove, in a gel-ly a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love.



and drop, drop, drop from a—bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love.



But now the Sun's down, and the Element's Red, the Spirits of Fire a—



—gainst us make Head; they muster, they muster, they muster like gnats in the Air:

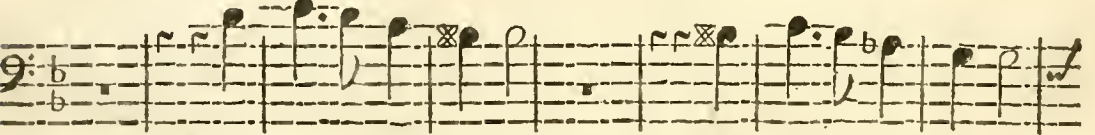




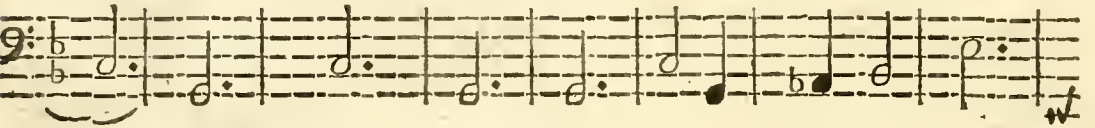
a—las I must leave thee my Fair, and to my light Horse-men re—pair.



Oh stay! oh stay!



A—las I must leave thee, a—las I must leave thee



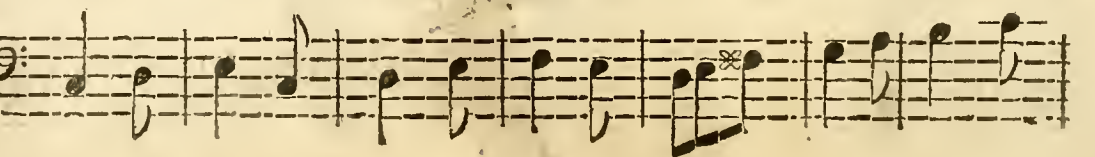
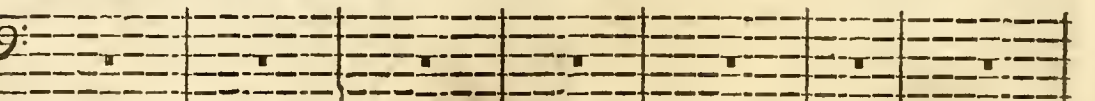
oh stay! stay, stay, oh stay, stay, stay; for you need not to

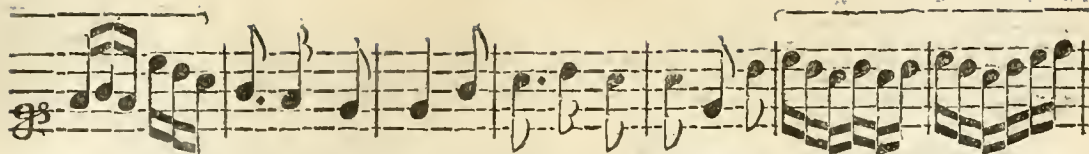


a—las, a—las I must leave thee, must leave thee my Fair.

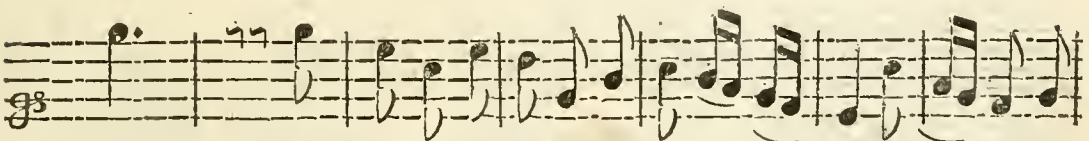
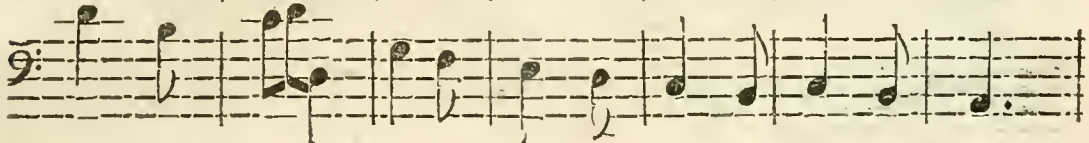
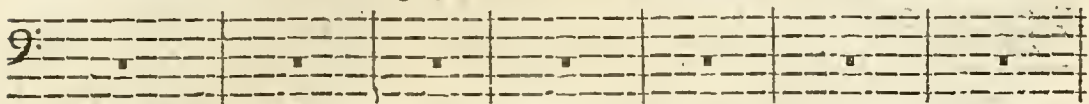


fear 'em, you need not to fear 'em to Night; the Wind is for us and blo—



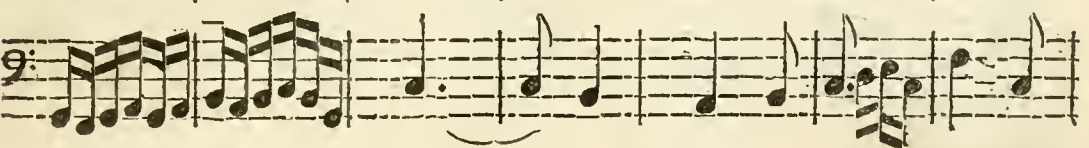
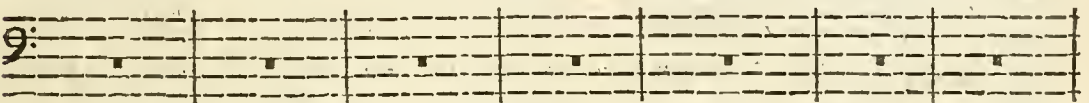


ws full in their fight, and o're the wide Ocean we fi

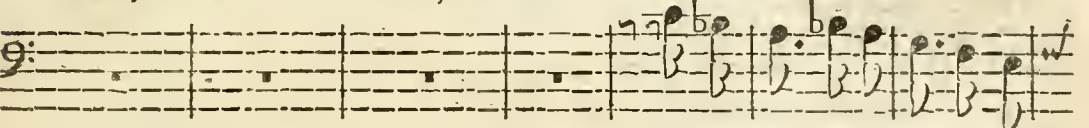


ght;

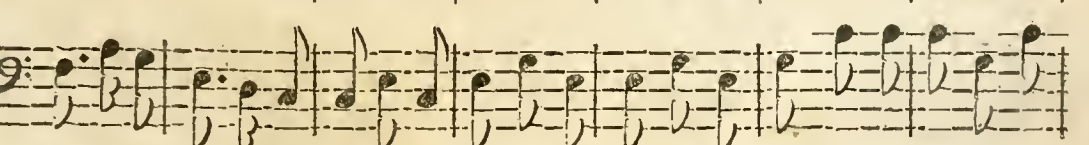
like Leaves in the Autumn our Foes will fall down and his in the



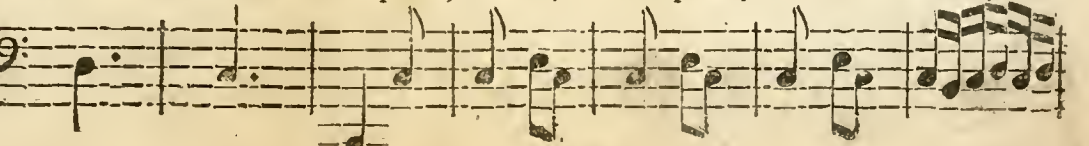
Water, and his in the Water, and down:



But their Men lye se-cure-ly in—

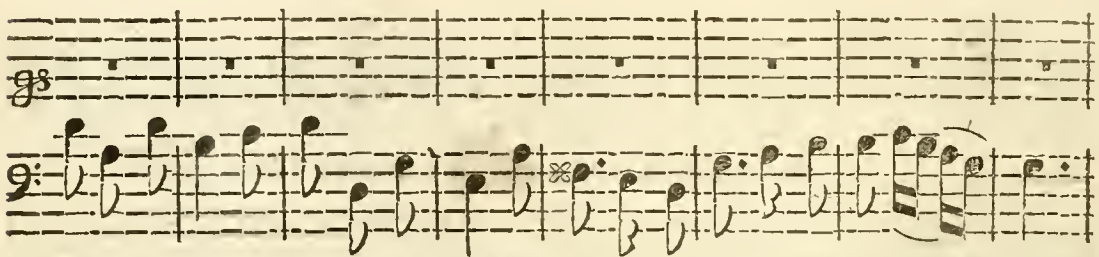


-trench'd in a Cloud, and a Trumpetter, Horner, a Trumpetter, Horner to Battle, to

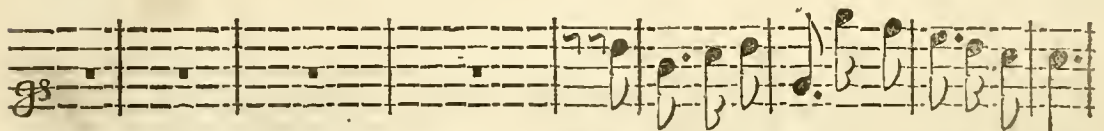




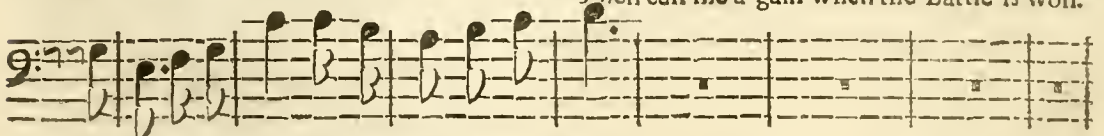
Bat ——— the sounds loud; no mortals that spy how we



Tilt in the Sky, with wonder will gaze and fear such events as will ne're come to pass,



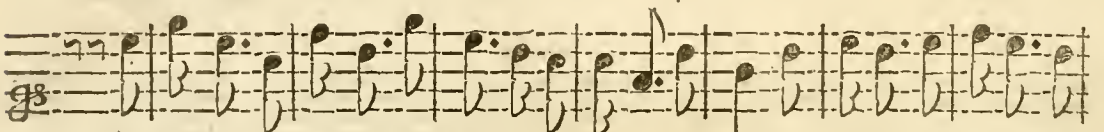
Then call me a-gain when the Battle is won.



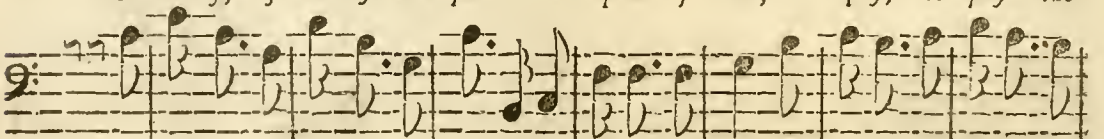
stay you to perform what the Man wou'd have done.



Chorus.

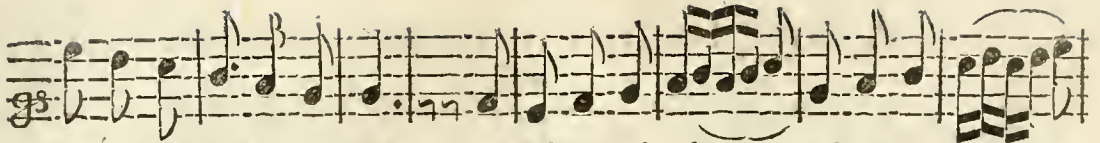


So ready, so ready and quick is a Spi-rit of Air, to pity, to pity the

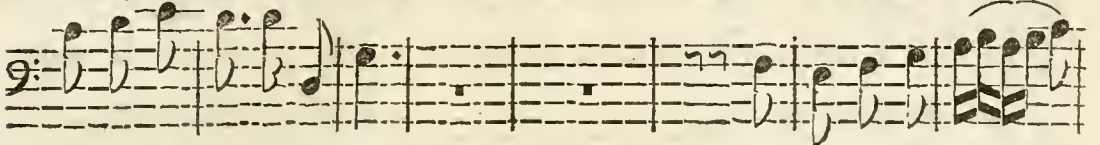


So ready, so ready and quick is a Spi-rit of Air, to pity, to pity the

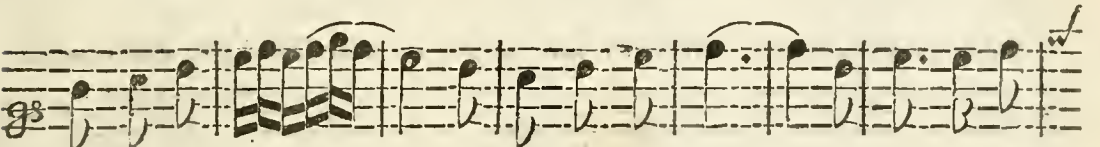




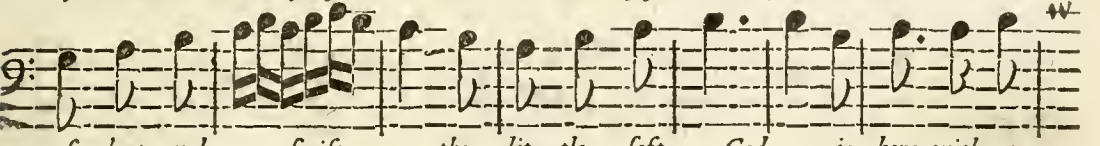
Lower, and succour the Fair; that si-lent and swift, si-lent and swift,



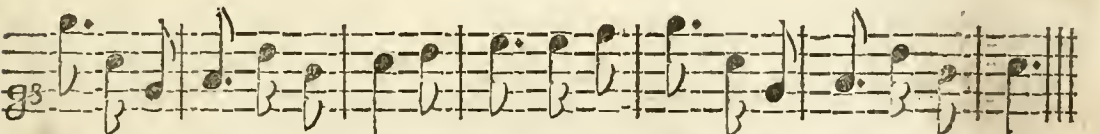
Lovers, and succour the Fair; that si-lent and swift,



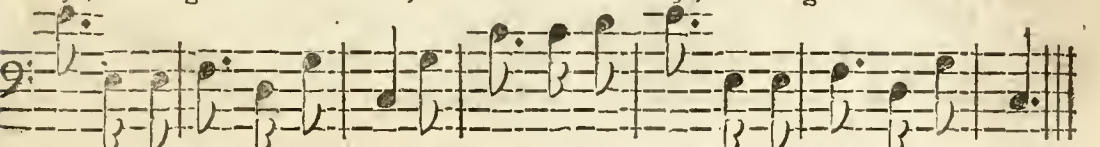
si-lent and swift the lit-tle soft God, is here with a



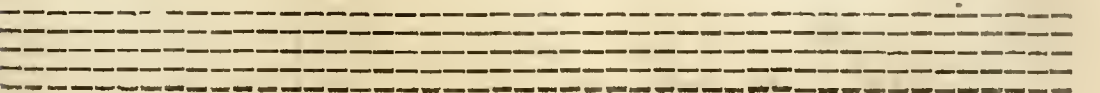
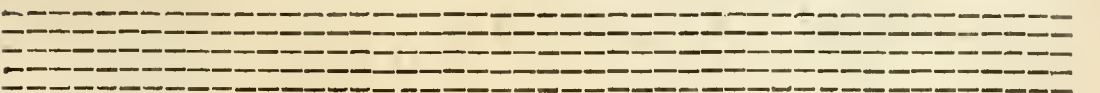
si-lent and swift the lit-tle soft God, is here with a



Wish, and is gone with a Nod, is here with a Wish, and is gone with a Nod.



Wish, and is gone with a Nod, is here with a Wish, and is gone with a Nod.



A Song set by Mr. Ralph Courtivelle.

W H Y fair Co—rin—na shou'd you grieve, why fair Co—rin—na shou'd

you grieve, why, why ah! why, why fair Co—rin—na why shou'd you grieve; whilst

wise—ly we im—plore the hap—piest hours, the Gods can give or mor—tals

can in—joy; let those whose Beauties are de—cay'd, their

lofs of pow'r, their lofs of pow'r be—moan, be—moan, be—moan, their

lofs of pow'r bemoan; since Men are feldom cap—

tives, captives made, when that great Charm is gone, when

that great, great, great Cha

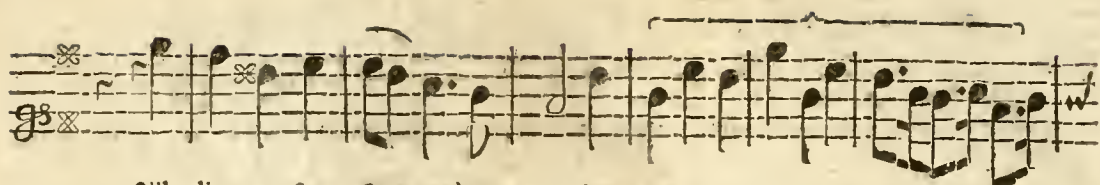
rm, great Charm is gone:

But you who dai—ly may

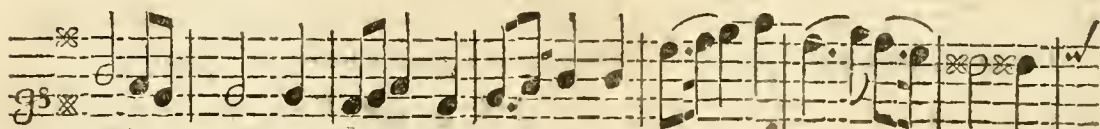
be—hold, whole mil-lions that a—dore, and by

in—dul—ging ev—ry hour, in—crease, increa

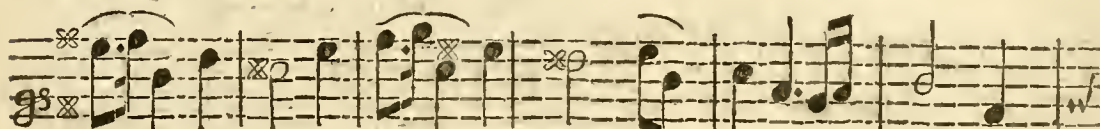
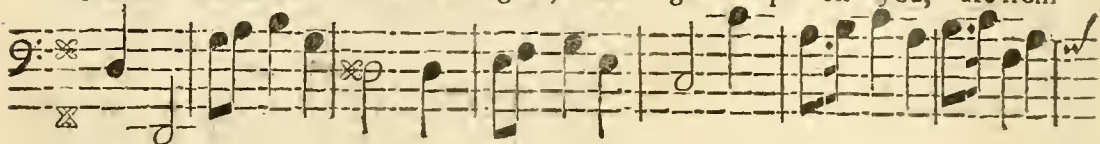
—se the mighty store. Still live as free, still live as free,



still live as free from ev'ry care, that com— mon



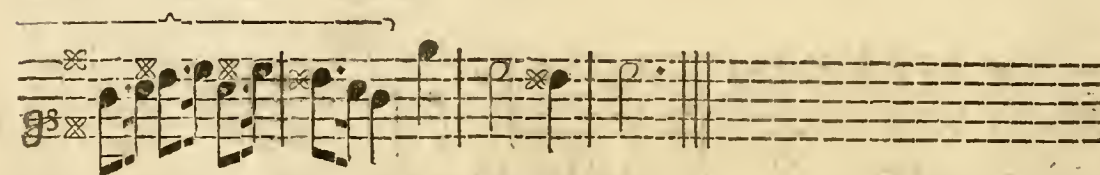
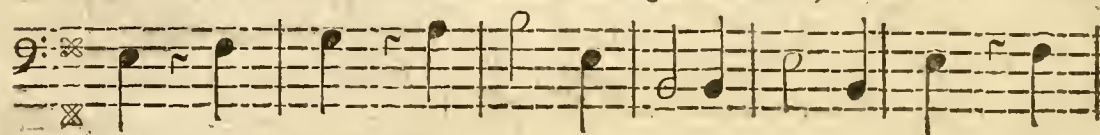
passions move, as those that gaze, that gaze up—on you, are from



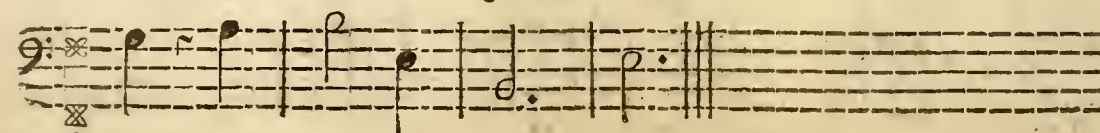
all de—signs, from all de—signs, de—signs but Love; from



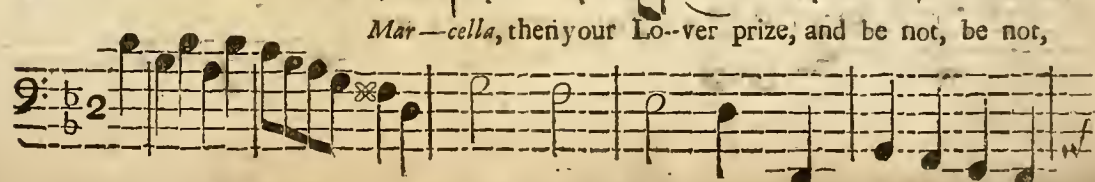
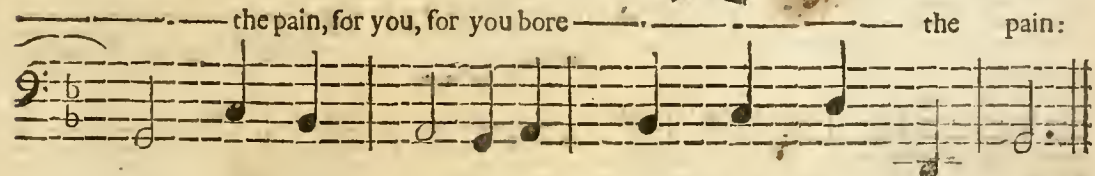
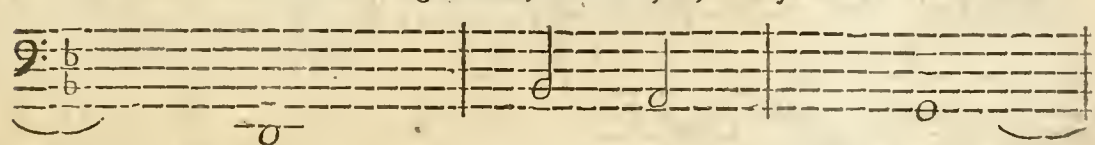
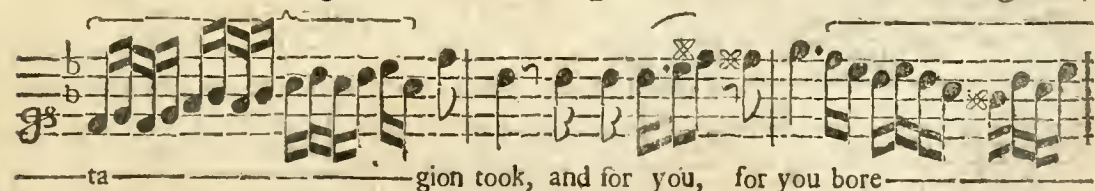
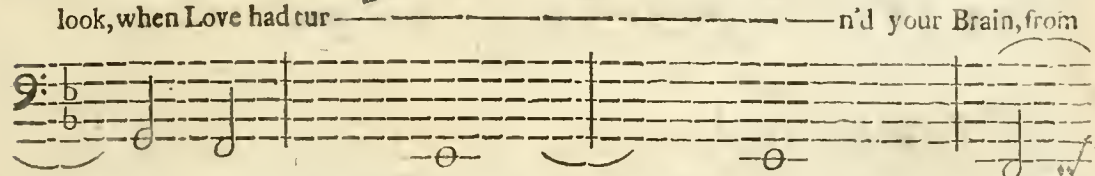
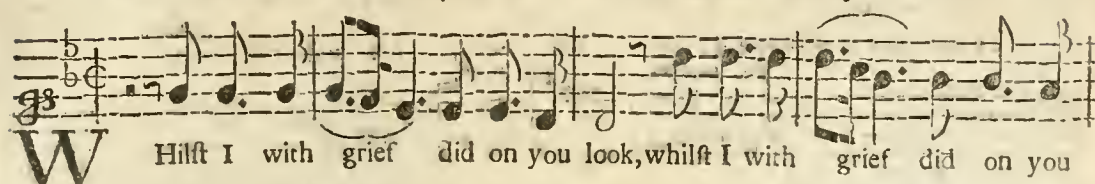
all ————— designs but Love, from all —————



de—signs but Love.



A Song on Mrs. Bracegirdle's Singing (*I Burn &c.*) in
the 2 Part of *Don-Quixote*. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



be not too se—vere; use well, use well the con—

quest of your Eyes, for Pride. Pride,

Pride has cost you dear. *Am—bro—sio* treats your Flames with scorn, and rack—

s your ten—der mind, withdraw your Smiles, withdraw your

Smile — s and Frowns re—turn, and pay him, pay him, pay him

in his kind, and pay him, pay him, pay him in his kind.

A New Song set by Dr. Blow.

W *Hilst you vouchsafe our thoughts to breath, whilst you vouch-*

safe our thoughts to breath, Clo—e, whilst you vouchsafe, whilst you vouch-

safe our thoughts to breath, Clo—e, methinks they do themselves ex-cell;

whilst you vouchsafe our thoughts to breath, whilst you vouchsafe our

thoughts to breath, Clo—e, whilst you vouchsafe, whilst you vouchsafe our

thoughts to breath, Clo—e, methinks they do themselves ex—cell :

thoughts to breath, Clo—e, methinks they do themselves ex—cell :

thoughts to breath, Clo—e, methinks they do themselves ex—cell :

thoughts to breath, Clo—e, methinks they do themselves ex—cell :

thoughts to breath, Clo—e, methinks they do themselves ex—cell :

thoughts to breath, Clo—e, methinks they do themselves ex—cell :

thoughts to breath, Clo—e, methinks they do themselves ex—cell :

thoughts to breath, Clo—e, methinks they do themselves ex—cell :

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song'. It consists of a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G4, an eighth note A4, and a quarter note Bb4. This is followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, Bb4) and a triplet of sixteenth notes (G4, A4, Bb4). The system ends with a quarter note G4 and a quarter rest.

So sweet a softness they re-ceive, they re-ceive; so

[illegible]

sweet a softness they receive, whilst from your Lips they flow, they

flow, while from your Lips they flow, while from your Lips they

The first system of musical notation for 'The Merry Widow'. It features a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written on a five-line staff. The first measure contains a complex figure with many beamed eighth notes and a cross symbol above it. The second measure has a quarter note followed by a half note. The third measure is a quarter rest. The fourth measure contains a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note. The fifth measure contains a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note. The sixth measure contains a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note. The seventh measure contains a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note. The eighth measure contains a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note. The system ends with a double bar line.

flow so well; Harsh and unpollish't tho' they do ap—

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes a half note, followed by a quarter note, then an eighth note. After a double bar line, there is a quarter note, followed by a group of beamed eighth notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a final note.

—pear, fo Sung, fo Sung they Ra— — — — — vish ev'n the

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of several measures, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are two 'X' marks under the staff, likely indicating specific notes or measures.

ni—cest Ear; cou'd but poor mortals here be—low, cou'd but poor mortals

here be-low, sometimes Sing and always Love; cou'd but poor mortals here be-

—low, sometimes Sing, and always Love, and always Love; 'Twou'd some

Ear—neft on us bestow, of what the hap—py, hap—py, happy

do a—bove, of what the happy, hap—py, happy, the hap—py, happy

of what the happy do above, of what the hap—py do a—boue;



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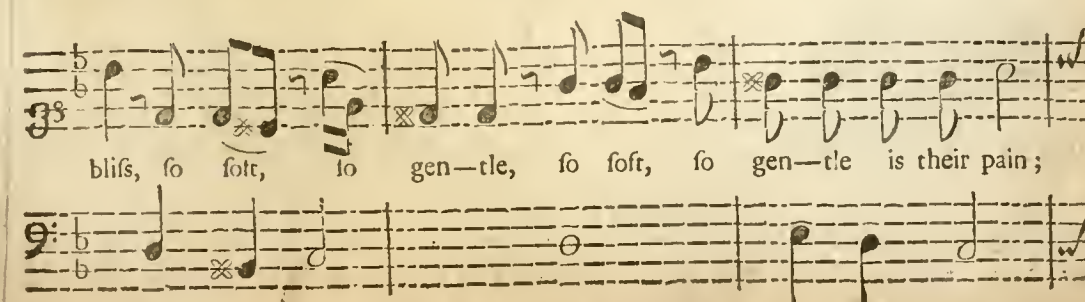
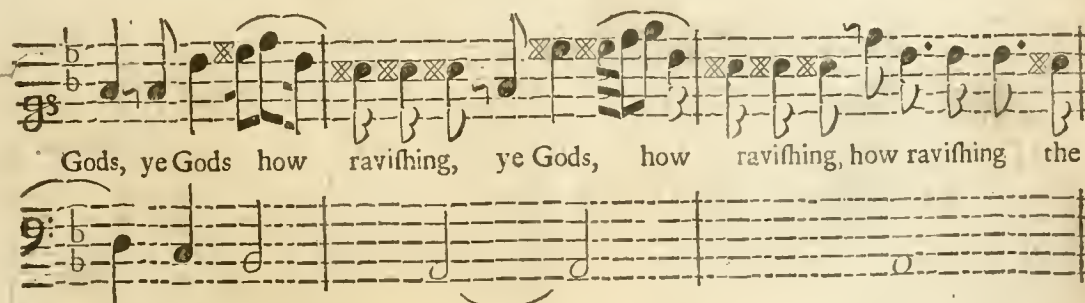
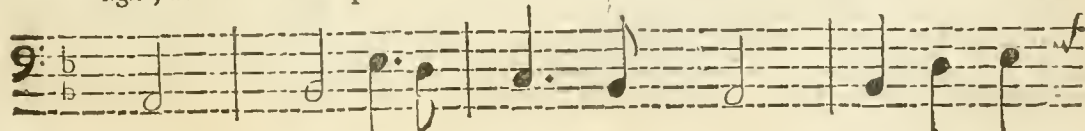
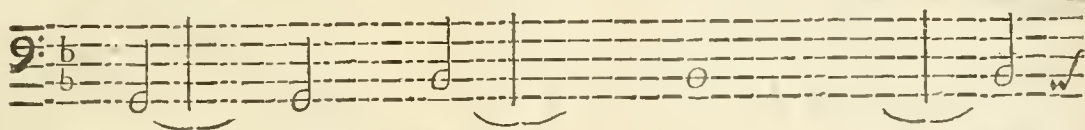
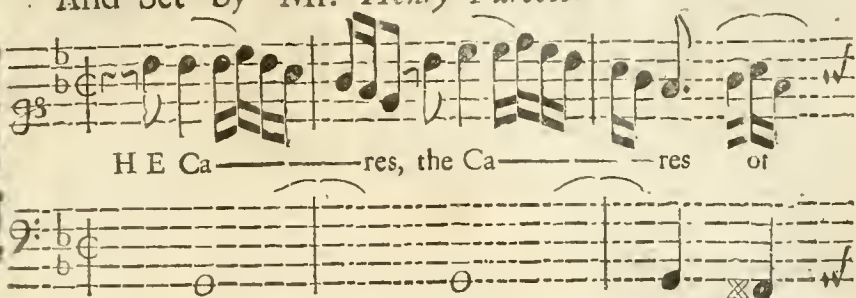
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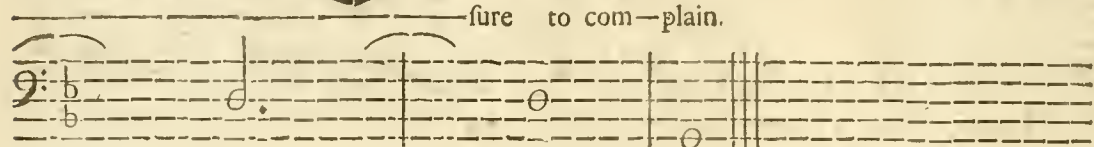
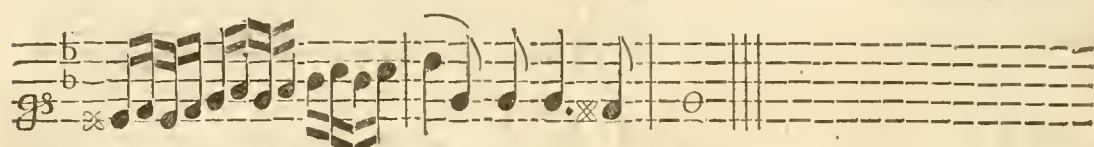
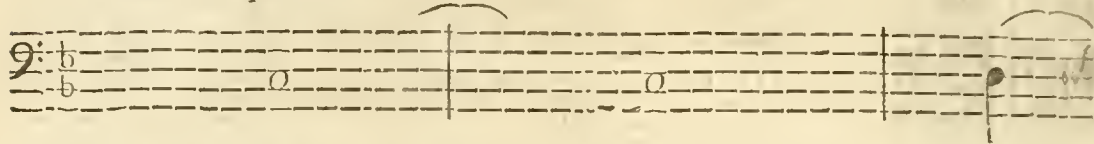
All sorts of Red Paper, and Red Books of MUSICK of several sizes. And also Books on all other Subjects, and all Stationary Ware are to be sold at the same Shop.

A Song (in *Timon of Athens*) Sung by the Boy,
And Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.



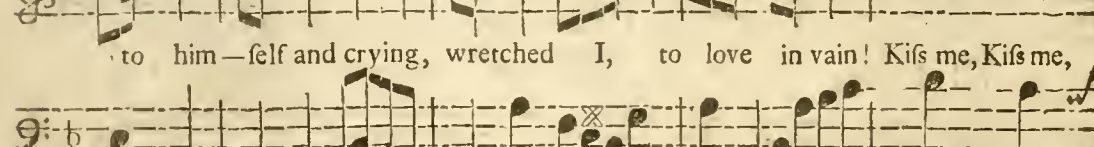
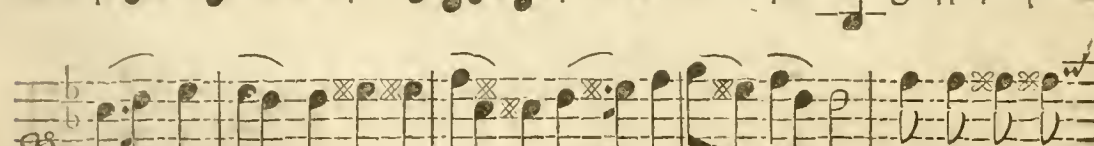
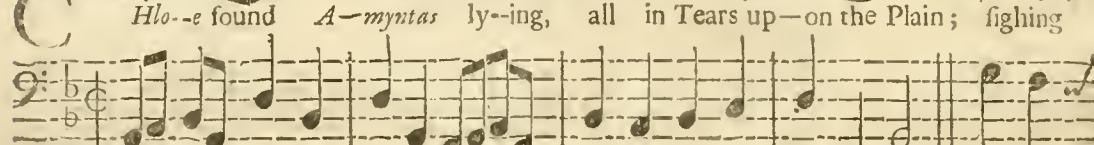


'tis ev'n a plea—



—sure to com—plain.

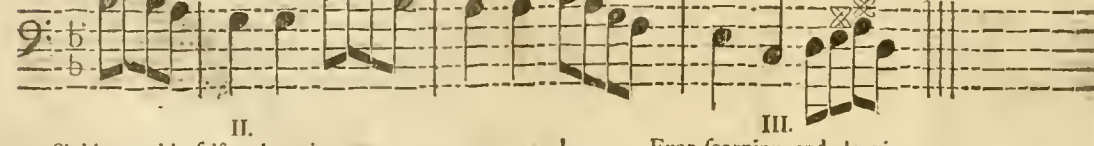
A Song set by Mr. John Gilbert.



to him—self and crying, wretched I, to love in vain! Kifs me, Kifs me,



Dear, be—fore my dying; Kifs me once and ease my pain. *Roundeau.*



II.

Sighing to himself and crying,
Wretched I, to Love in vain:
Ever scorning and denying,
To reward your faithfull Swain;
Kifs me, Dear, before my dying,
Kifs me once and ease my pain.

III.

Ever scorning and denying,
To reward your faithfull Swain:
Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain;
Kifs me, Dear, before my dying,
Kifs me once and ease my pain.

IV.

Chloe laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain;
But repenting and complying,
When He Kis'd, She Kis'd again,
Kis'd Him up before His dying,
Kis'd Him up and eas'd His pain.

A Song set by Mr. Courtivel.

Foolish love be gone,
 foolish love be gone, be go—ne, be
 gone, begone, be gone said I; vain are thy attempts, vain are thy at—
 tempts, thy attempts on me; thy allurements, thy al—
 —lurements, thy al-lure—men—
 —ts I de—fye: foolish love be

B

gone, foo—lith love be gone, be

gone, be gone, be gone, be gone, said I; Women, those

dis—sem—blers, flye;

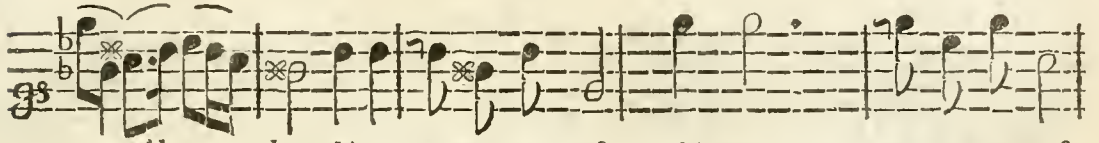
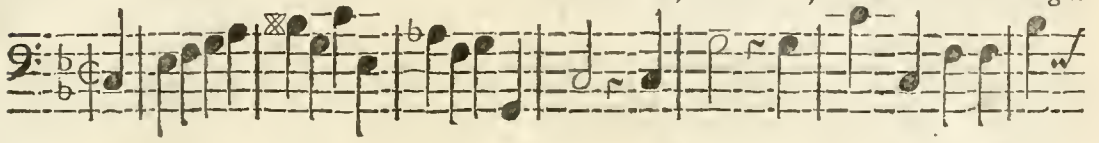
my Heart is not made for thee, my Heart is not made for thee, not for thee, no,

no not for thee, no, no not for thee, not for thee, no, no not for thee:

Sing from the repeat to the 1st. Close, which is at be gone said I; then go on with Love heard &c.



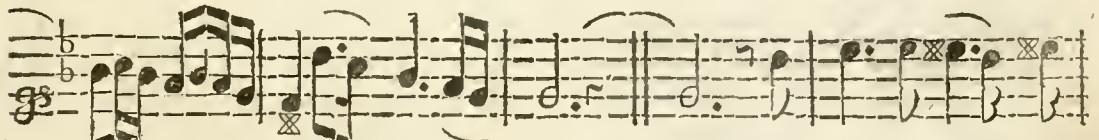
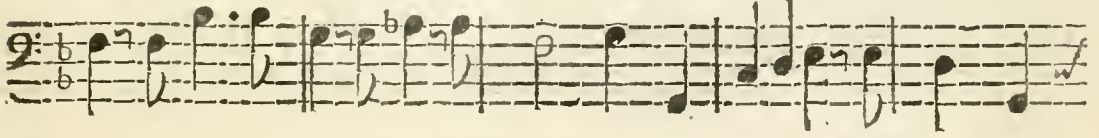
Love heard, Loveheard, Loveheard and straight



pre-par'd a dart, *Myra*, revenge my cause, *My-ra* revenge my cause,



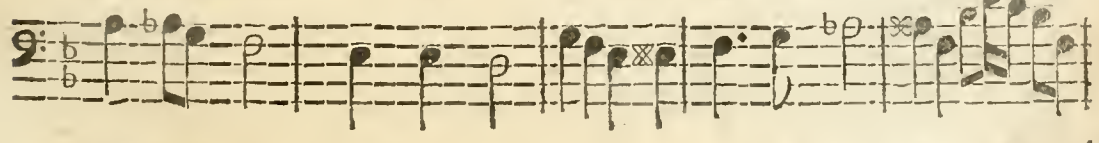
revenge my cause, revenge, re-venge my cause, my cau-



se, my cause, said he, too sure, too sure, 'twas

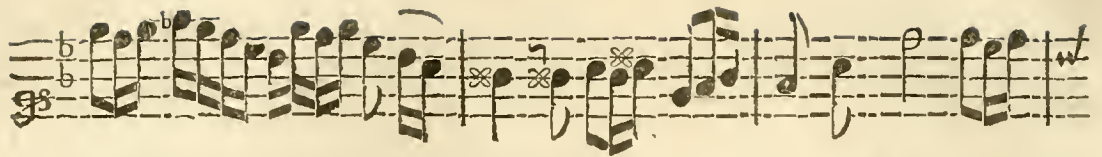


aim'd, too sure, too sure 'twas aim'd, I feel, I fee——I the smart, it



rends my Brain, it rends my Brain, it rend——





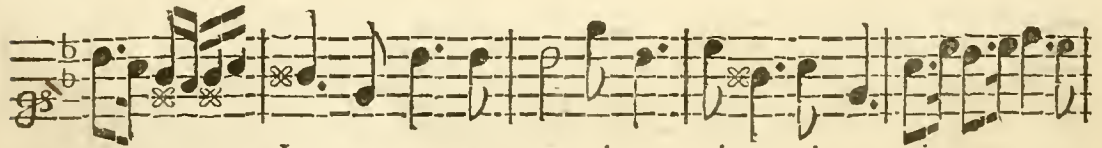
s my Brain, and tea—res my Heart, tea—



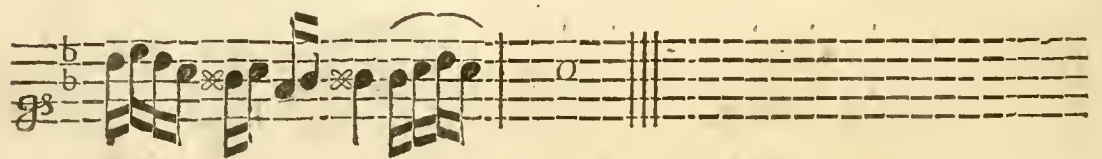
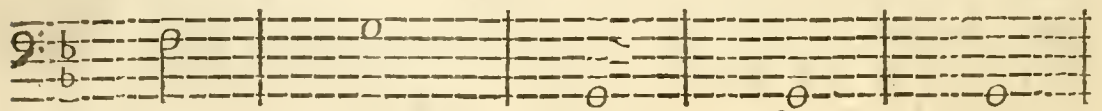
res my Heart, tea—



ars my Heart; oh! Love, oh!—Love, oh!



Love, my con—que—rer, pi—ty, pi—ty, pi—ty, pi—



ty me.



A Song set by Mr. Henry Hall, Organist at Hereford.

A S Phæbus did with heat pur-sue, the cold but love — ly

As Phæbus did with heat pursue, the cold, the cold but love — ly

Maid, the trem — bling Fair one as she flew, an e-ver — last —

Maid, the trem — bling Fair one, as she flew, an e-ver last —

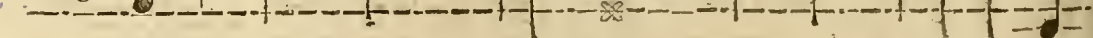
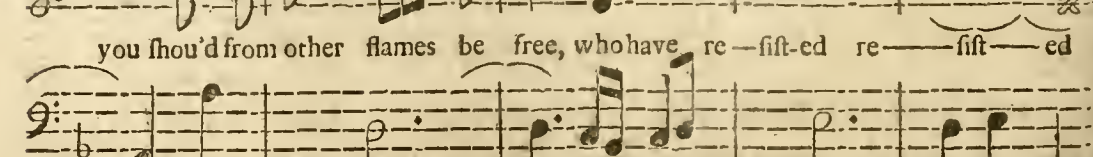
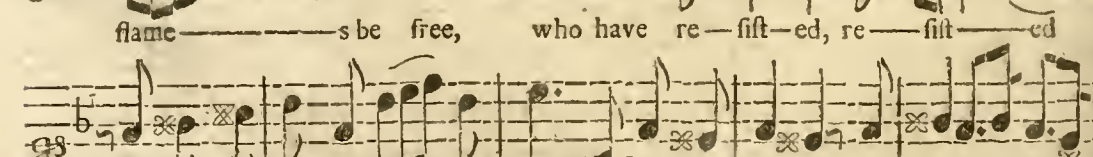
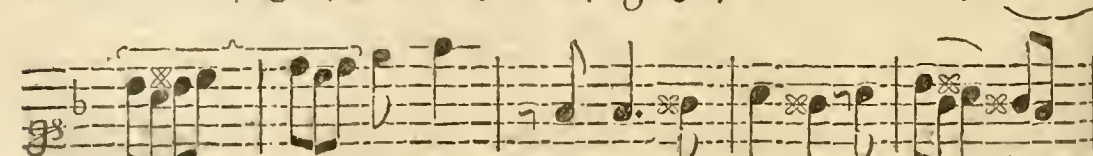
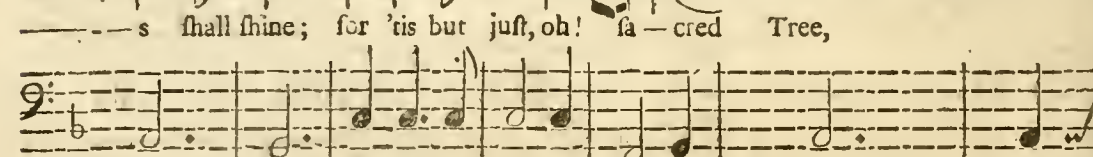
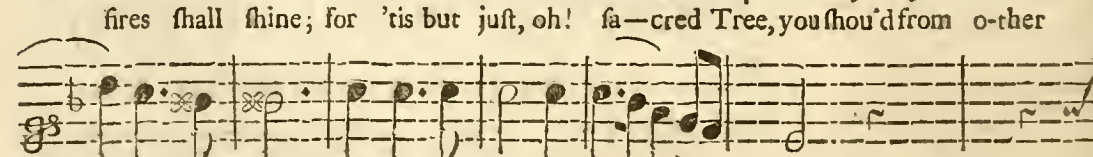
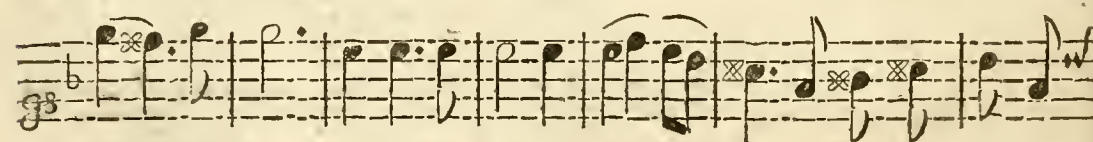
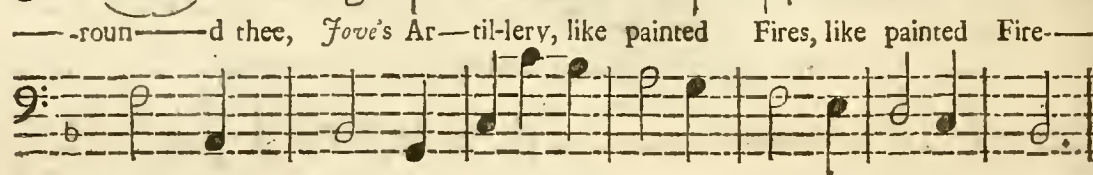
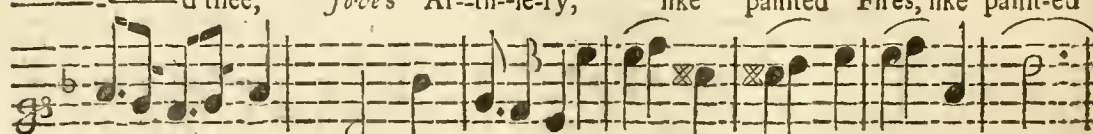
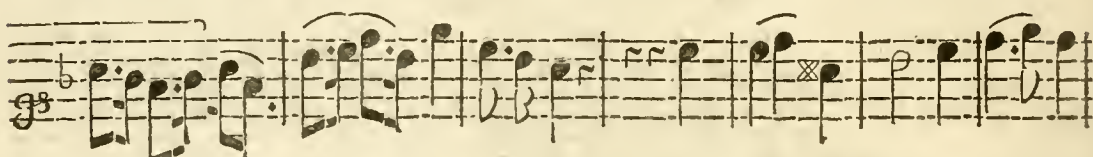
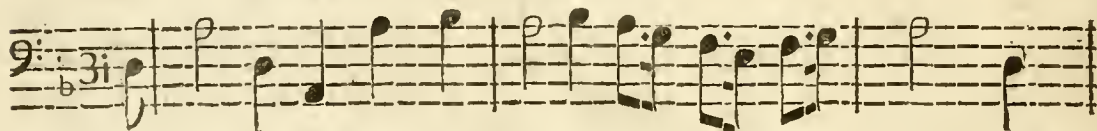
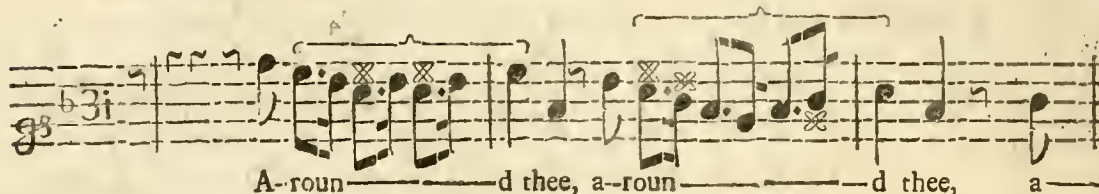
ing Lawrel grew; the God then fighting,

ing Lawrel grew; the

figh-ing said, the God then fighting, figh-ing said, figh — ing said :

God then fighting, fighting said, figh-ing said, figh — ing said :

C



mine, you shou'd from other flame—s be free, who have re—

mine, you shou'd from other flames be free, who have re—

—sift—ed, re—sift—ed mine.

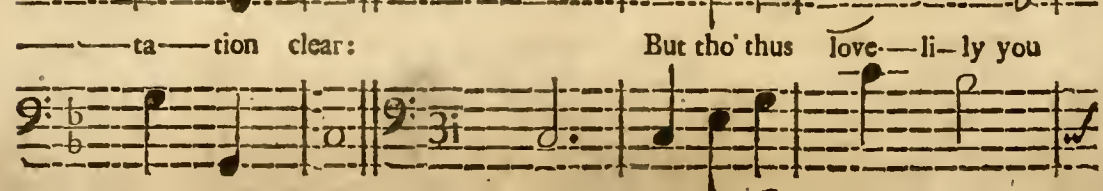
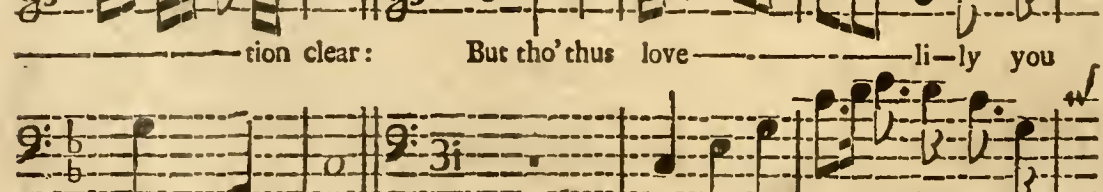
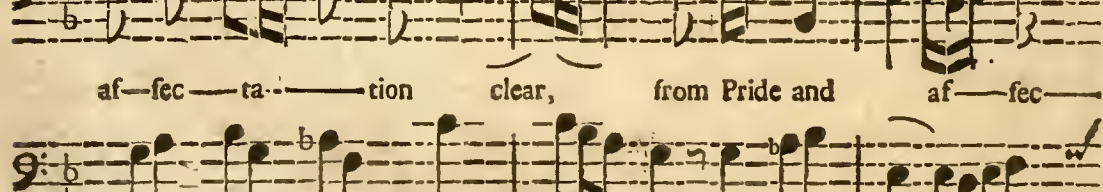
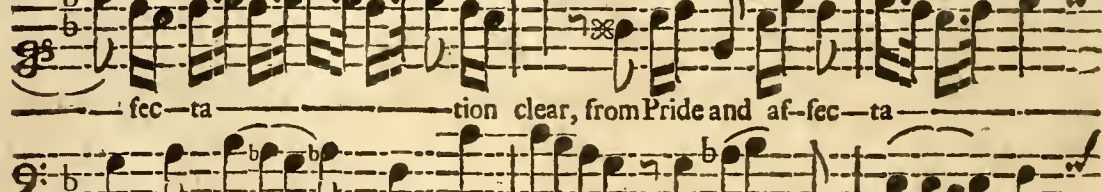
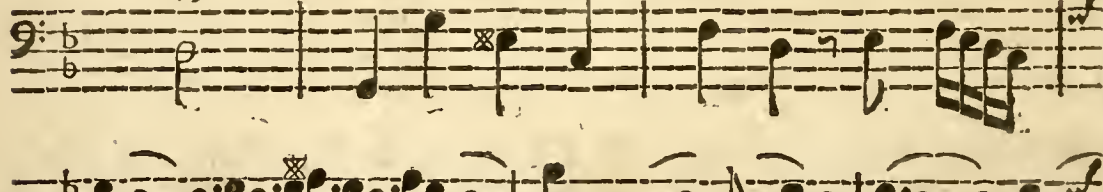
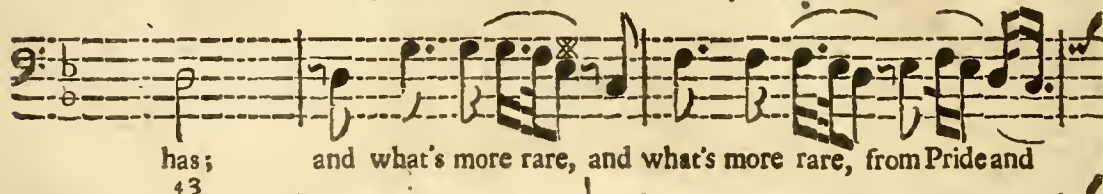
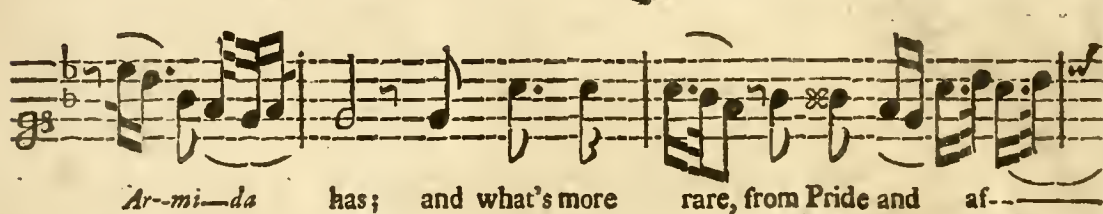
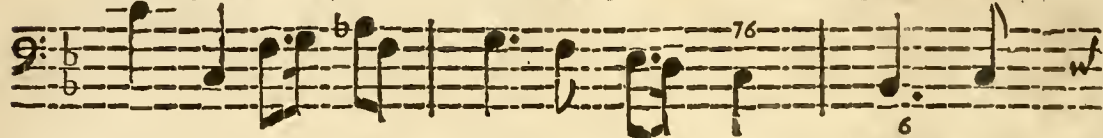
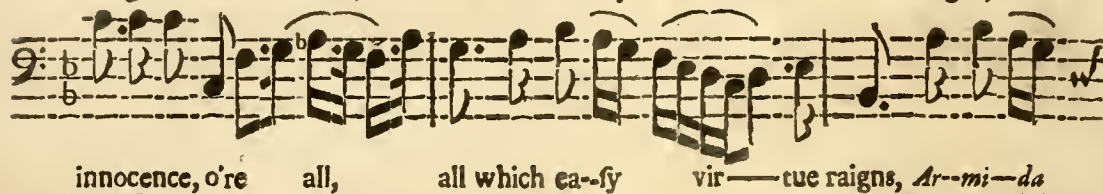
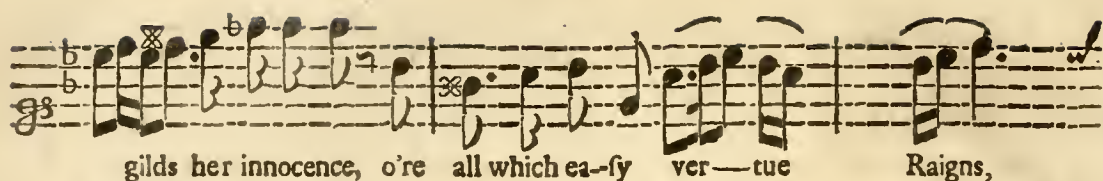
A Song set by Mr. *Henry Hall*, the Words by Mr. *Peter Senhouse*.

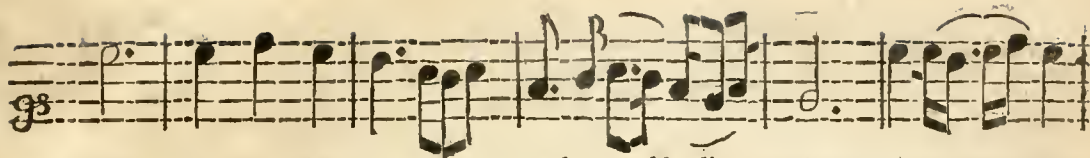
BEAUTY the pain—full Mothers Pray'r, the Lovers Theam,

Beauty the pain—full Mo—thers Pray'r, the

the Vir—gins care; and Wit that

Lovers Theam, the Lovers Theam, the Virginscare; and Wit that gilds her





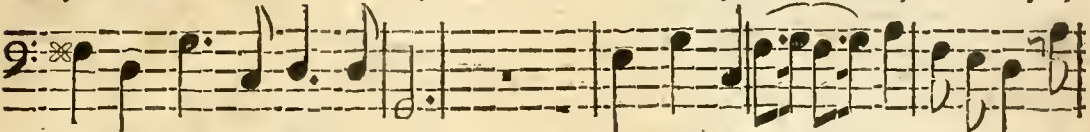
shine, *Ar-mi-da* you — — — 're but half di — vine : *Ar-mi-da*



shine, *Ar-mida*, *Ar — — mi-da* you're but half di-vine : *Ar-mi-da*, *Ar —*



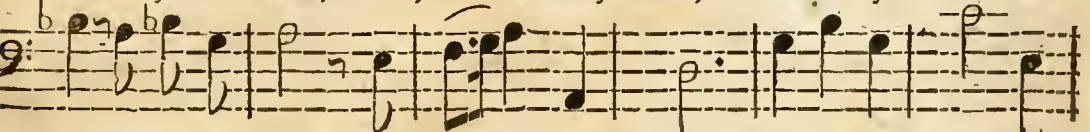
you — 're but half di-vine ; for Feinds can Beau — ty i — mi-tate, and yet,



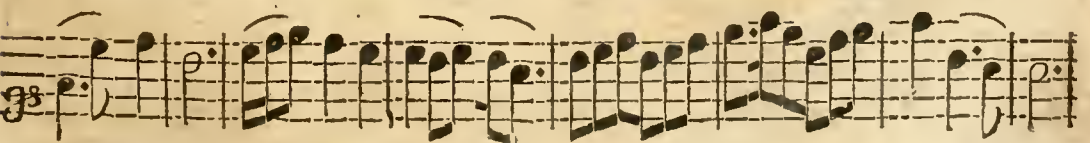
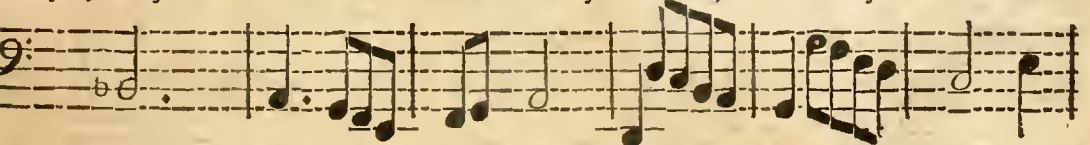
— *mi-da* you're but half di-vine ; for Feinds can Beau — ty, i-mitate, and



and yet are Feinds, because, because they hate ; but wou'd you Love to



yet, and yet are Feinds be — — cause they hate ; but wou'd you Love to



Beauty joyn, *Ar-mida*, you are all — — — di-vine,



Beauty joyn, *Ar-mi-da*, *Ar-mi-da* you are all, are all di-vine,



Soft.

Ar—mi—da, Ar—mi—da you are all

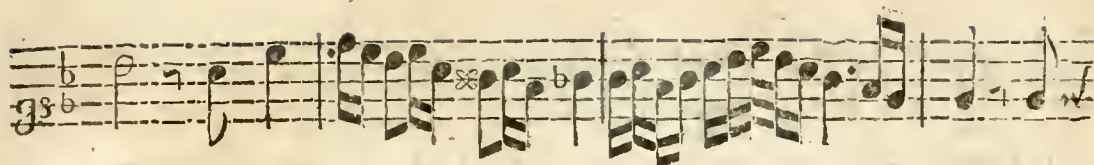
Ar—mi—da you're di—vine, Ar—mi—da, Ar—mi—da,

di—vine.

you were all, all, all di—vine.

'A Two Part-Song, set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.

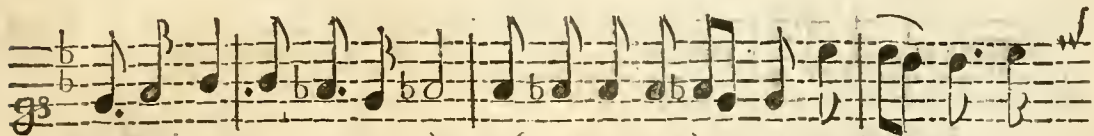
When Myra Sing ——— s, when Myra Sing ———
When My-ra Sing ——— s, when My-ra Sing ———
—— s we seek th'in ——— chant ——— ing
—— s we seek th'in ——— chant ——— ing found,



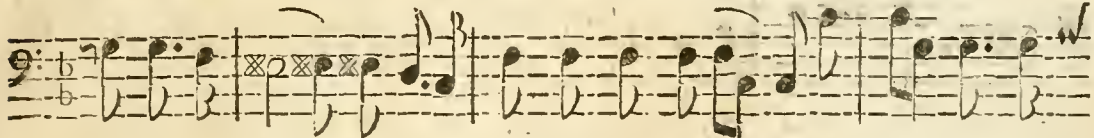
found, th'in—chant—ing found, and



th'in—chant—sound,



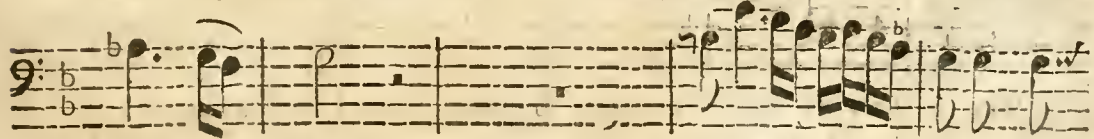
blefs the Notes, and blefs the Notes, which doe so sweet—ly, so sweet—ly, so



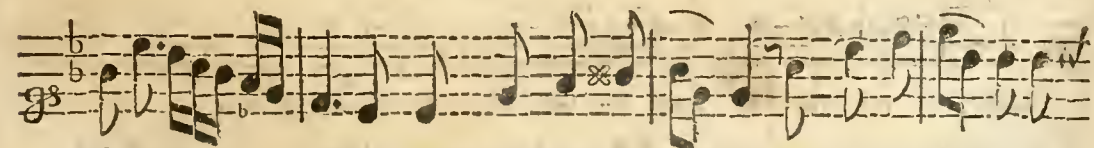
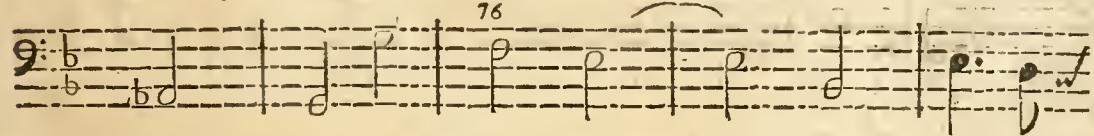
and blefs the Notes, and blefs the Notes which doe so sweetly, so sweet—ly, so



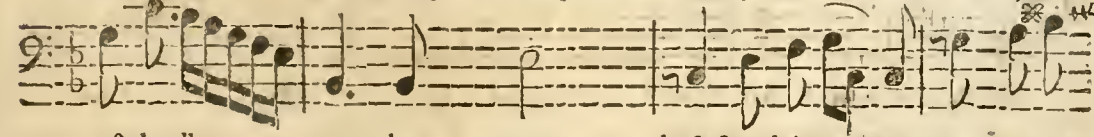
sweet—ly wound; what Mu—sick, what Mu—sick needs



sweet—ly wound; what Mu—sick needs

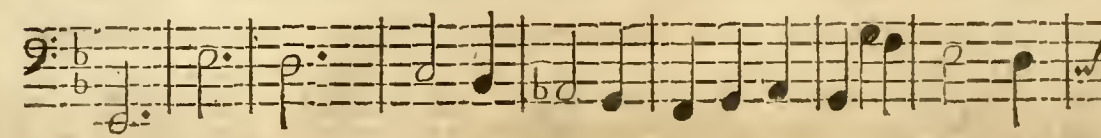
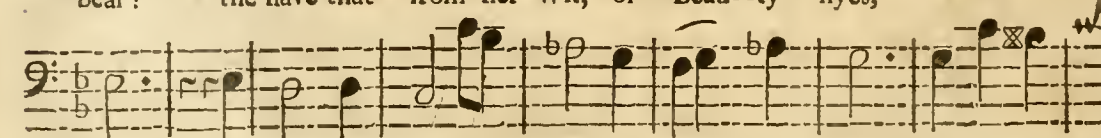
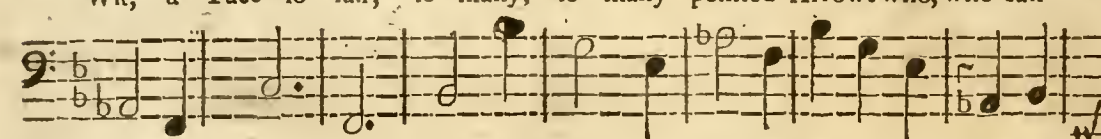
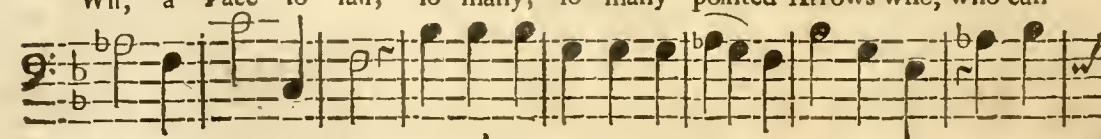
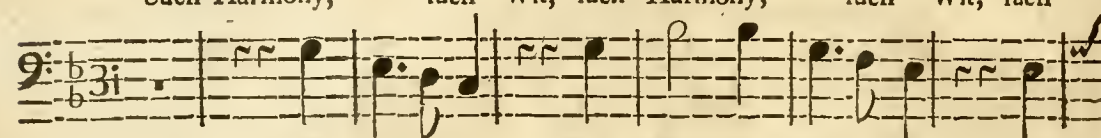
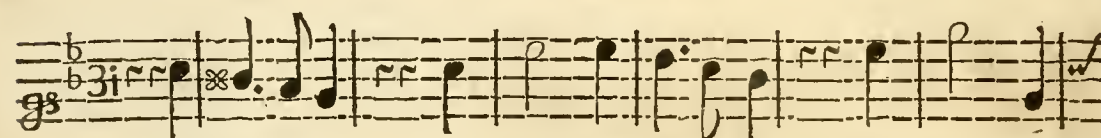
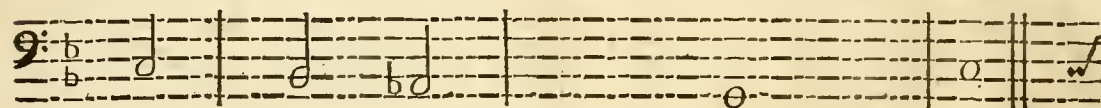
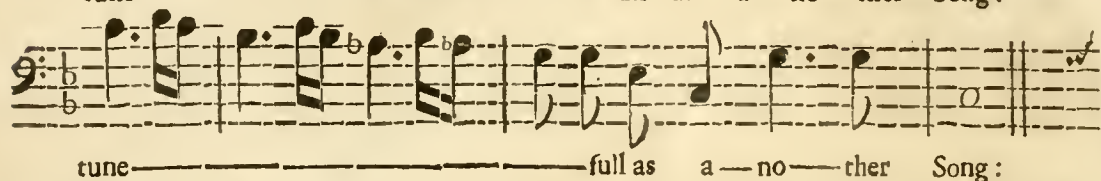


must dwell up—on that Tongue, whose speech is tunefull, whose speech is tunefull, is



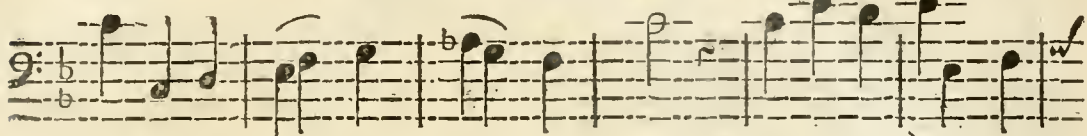
must dwell up—on that Tongue, whose speech is tunefull, whose speech is



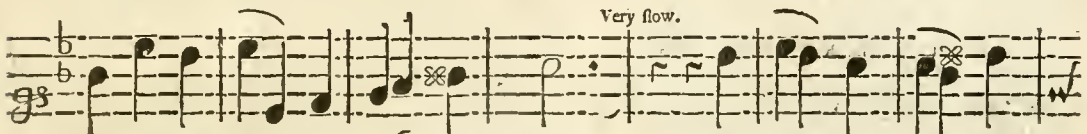




if she but reach him, but reach him with her Voice,



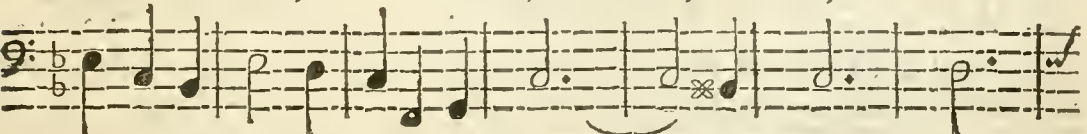
reach him, but reach him with her Voice, if she but reach him



if she but reach him with her Voice; he dies, he dies, he



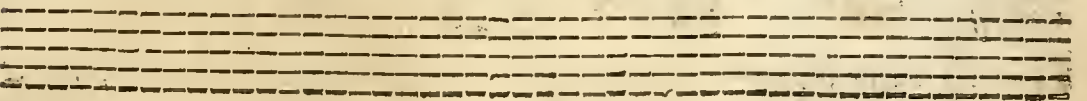
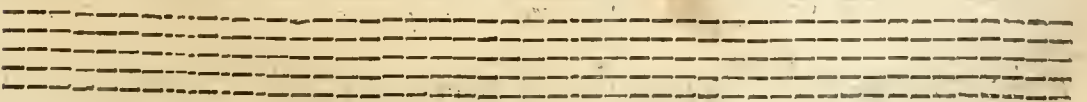
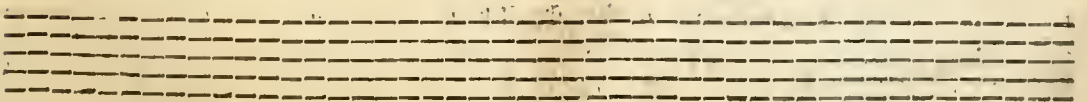
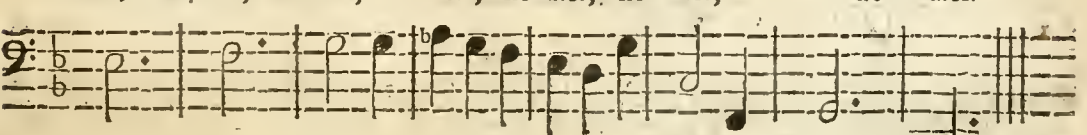
with her Voice; he dies, he dies, he dies, he



dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies:



dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies.



A Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

I F Musick, if Musick be the foo ————— d of Love, fingon, sing
 on, sing on, sing on, sing, si ————— ng
 on, till I am fill'd with jo —————
 ——— y, till I am fill'd with joy ; for then my listning Soul you mo ———
 ——— ve, for then my listning Soul you mo ———
 ——— ve, you move, to plea ——— ——— fures that can never, never

cloy ; your Eyes, your Meen, your Tongue de—clare, that you are

Mu—sick ev'ry where, your

Eyes, your Meen, your Tongue de—clare, that you are Mu—

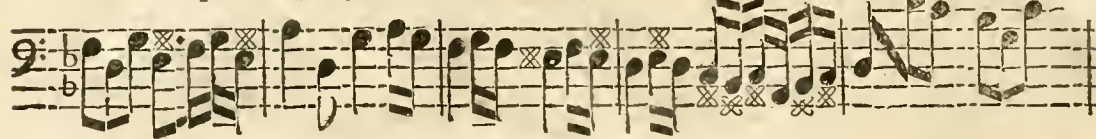
sick ev'ry where.

Pleasures in—vade both Eye and Ear, pleasures in—vade both Eye and Ear, so

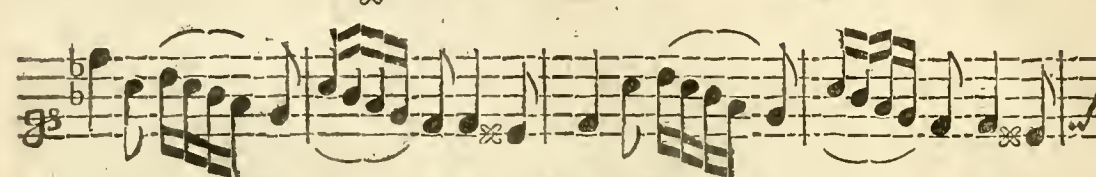
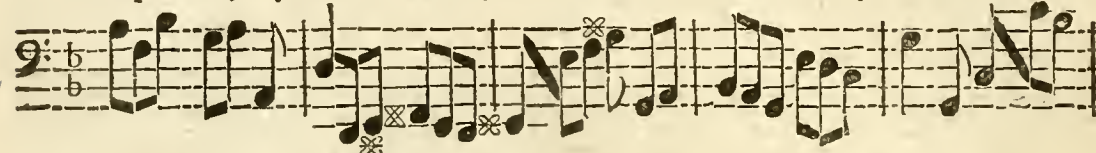
fier—ce, so fier



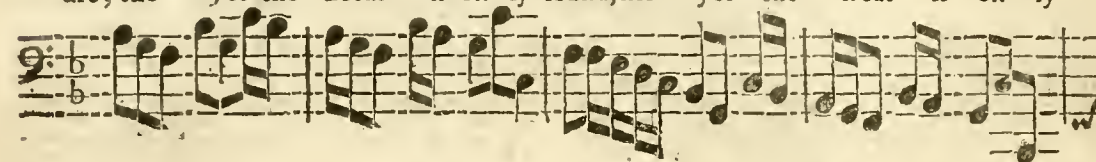
— ce the transports are, they wou — nd, so fier — ce the



transports are, they wound, and all my Senses feasted are, and all my Senses feasted



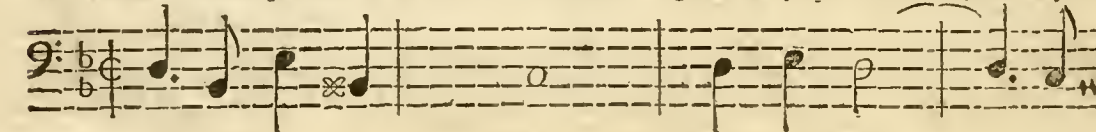
are; tho' yet the Treat is on-ly found; tho' yet the treat is on-ly



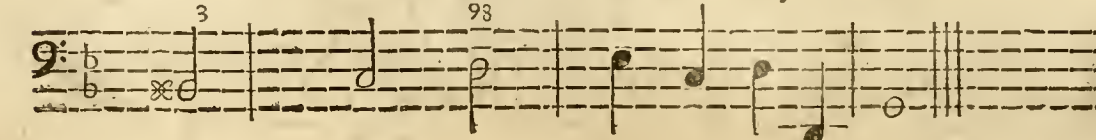
found, found, found, found, found, found is on-ly found;

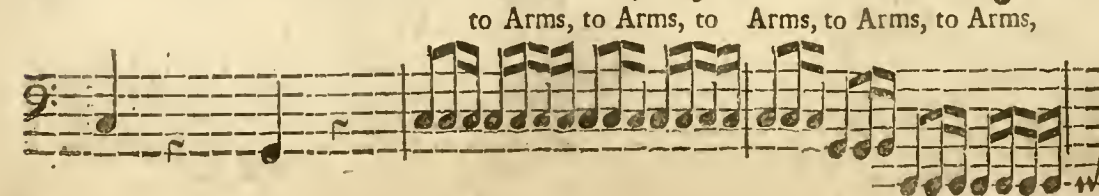
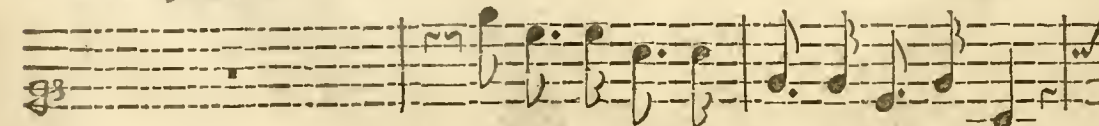
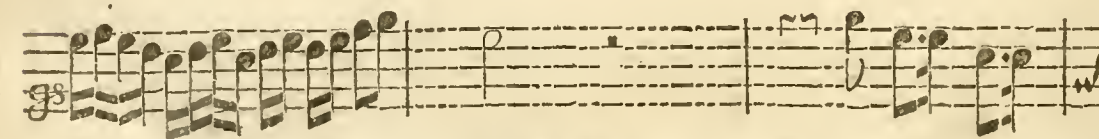
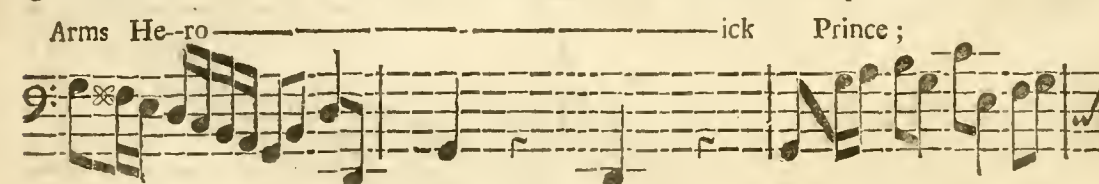
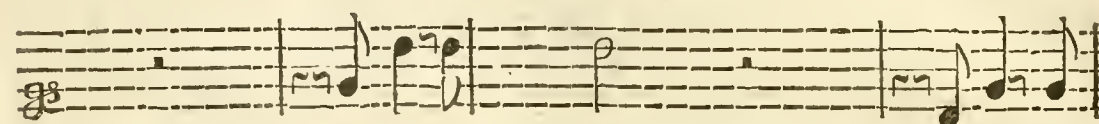
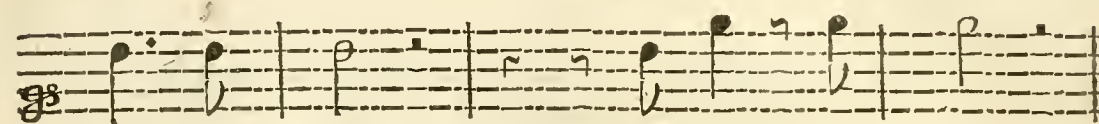
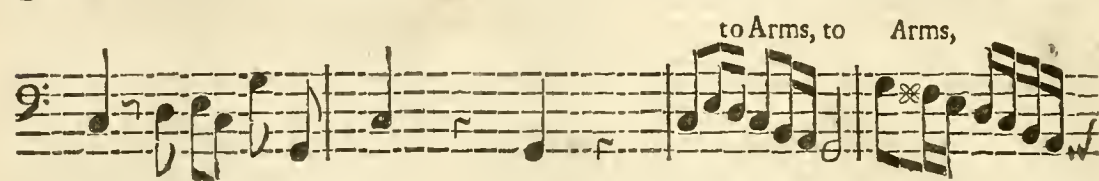
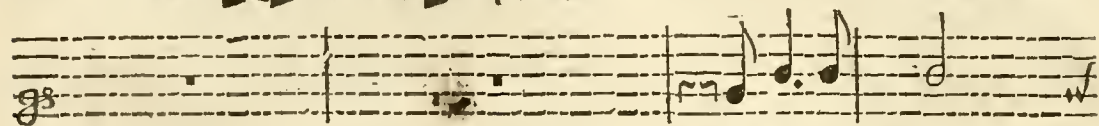


sure I must perish, I must, I must perish by your Charms, unless you



fa — ve me in your Armes.





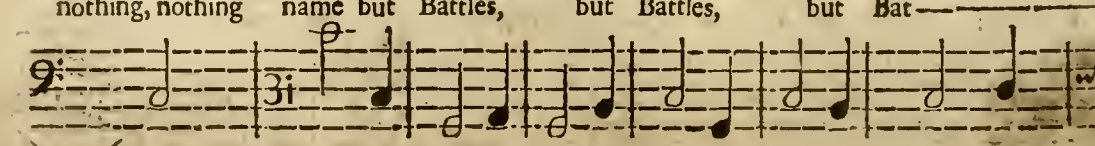
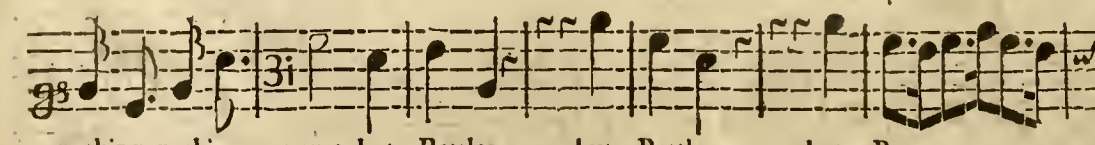
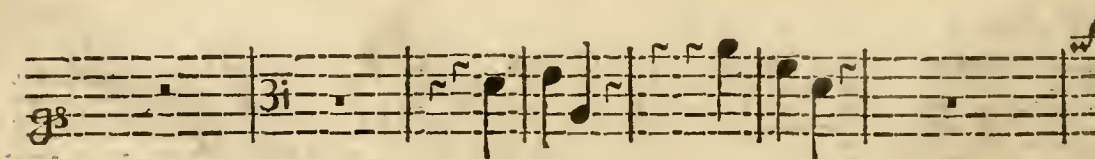
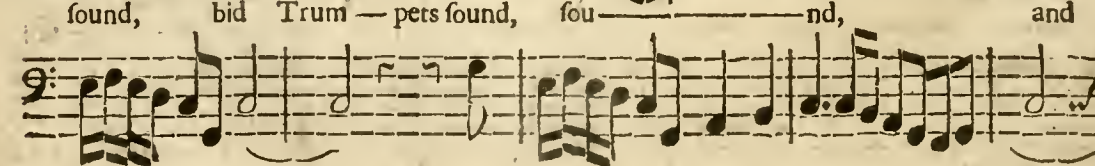
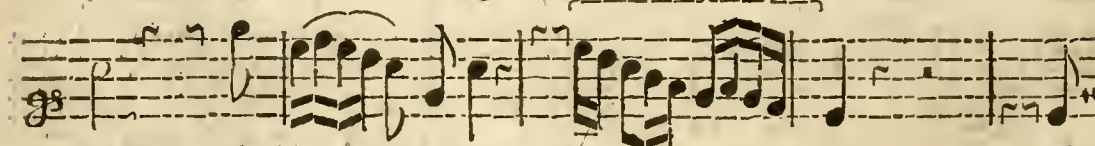
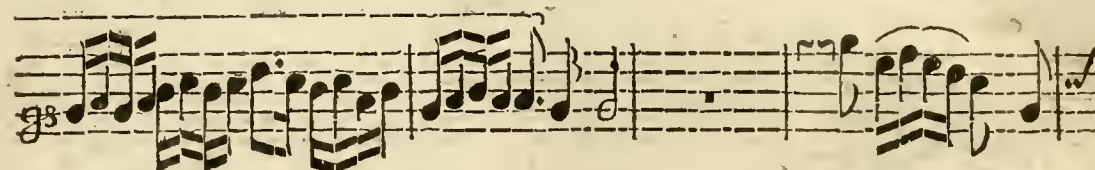
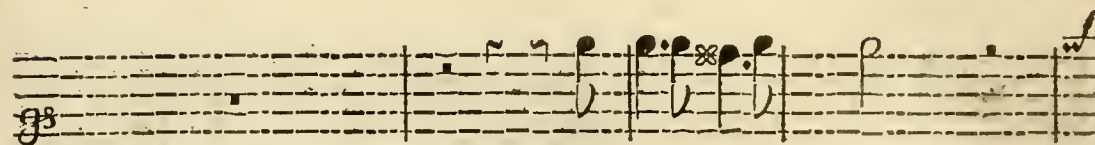
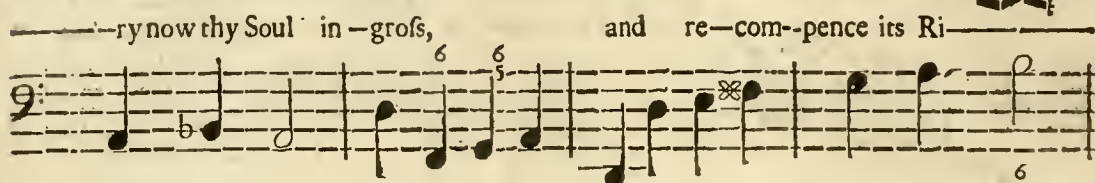
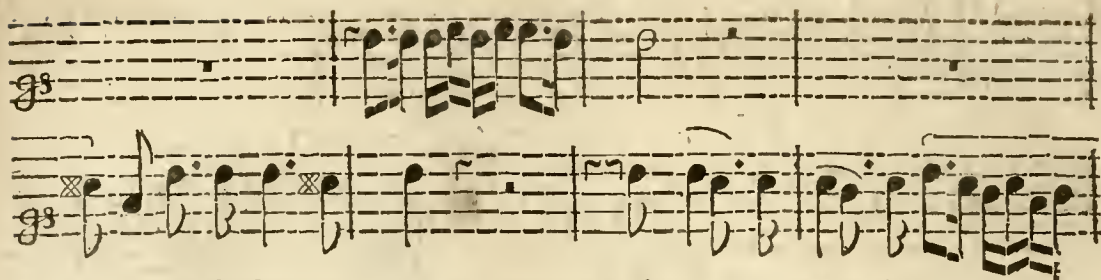
Glo-ry, like Love, has

pow'r full Charms, Glo-

ry, like Love, has pow'r full

Charms; let Glo-ry, let Glo-

6 76 6 76 65



DELICIAE MUSICÆ:

BEING, A

Collection of the newest and best SONGS

Sung at Court and at the Publick Theatres, most
of them within the Compass of the FLUTE.

WITH

A Thorow-Bass, for the *Theorbo-Lute*,
Bass-Viol, *Harpsichord*, or *Organ*.

Composed by several of the Best Masters.

THE THIRD BOOK.



F. H. Van. Hove, Sculp.

L O N D O N,

Printed by *J. Heptinstall*, for *Henry Playford*, and Sold by him at his
House over-against the *Blew-Ball* in *Arundel-street*; where the First and Second
Books may be had. The Fourth Book will be Publish'd next Term, which will
make the First Volume Compleat. MDCXCVI.

Price One Shilling.

Was with-in a furlong of *Edenborough* Town, in the Ro-sie time of year when the

Grafs was down; bonny *Jocky* Blith and Gay, said to *Fenny* making Hay, let's

fit a little (Dear) and prattle, 'tis a foultry Day: He long had Courted the

Black-browd Maid, but *Jocky* was a Wagg and wou'd ne'er consent to Wedd, which

made her Pish and Phoo, and cry out it will not do, I cannot, cannot, cannot,

wonnot, wonnot buckle too.

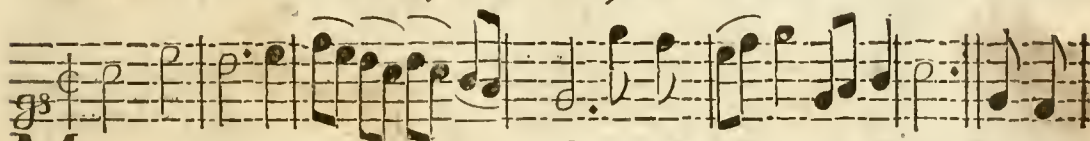
II.

He told her Mariage was grown a me'er Joke,
 And that no one Wedded now but the scoundrell folk,
 Yet my dear thou should'est prevail, but I know not what I aile;
 I shall dream of Clogs, and silly Doggs with Bottles at their taile;
 But I'll give thee Gloves and a Bongrace to wear,
 And a pritty Filly-foal, to ride out and take the Air,
 If thou ne'er wilt Pish nor Phoo, and cry it ne'er shall doe,
 I cannot, cannot, &c.

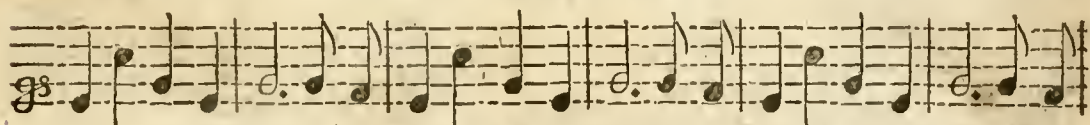
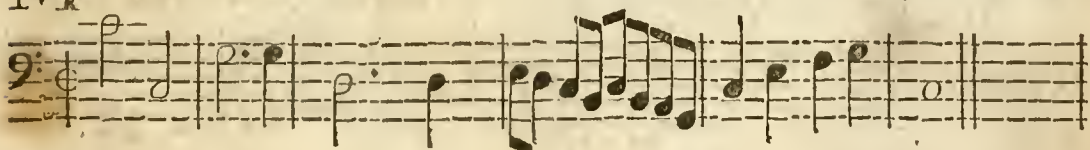
III.

That you'll give me Trinkets, cry'd she, I believe,
 But ah! what in return must your poor *Jenny* give,
 When my Maiden Treasure's gone, I must gang to *London-Town*,
 And Roar and Rant, and Patch and Paint, and Kifs for half a Crown;
 Each Drunken Bully oblige for pay,
 And earn an hated Living in an odious fulsom way;
 No, no, no it ne'er shall doe, for a Wife I'll be to you;
 Or I cannot, cannot, &c.

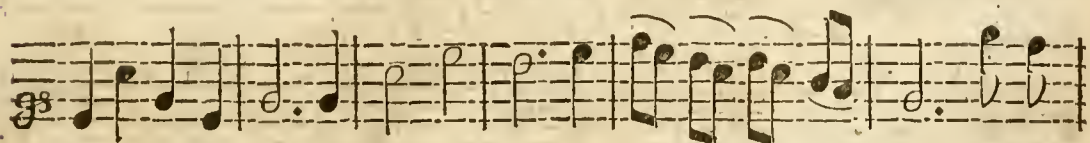
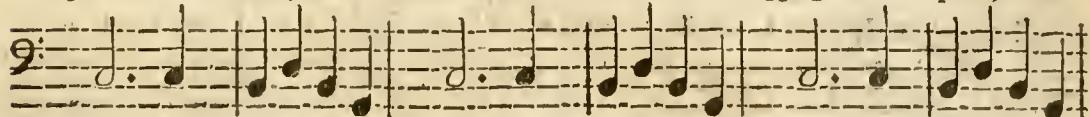
A Song in the *Mock-Mariage*, Sung by *Mis Cross*.
 Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.



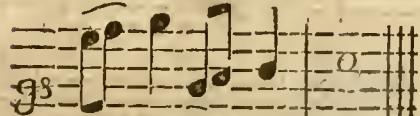
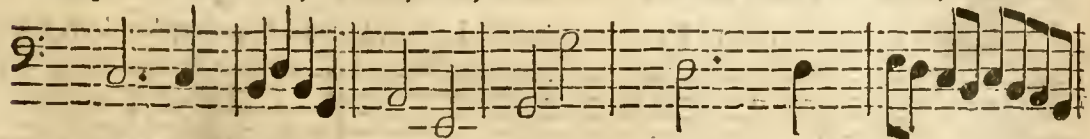
MAn, Man, Man is for the Woman made, and the Woman made for Man; As the



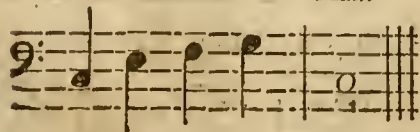
Spur is for the Jade, as the Scabbard for the Blade, as for digging is the Spade, as for



Liquor is the Can, so Man, Man, Man is for the Woman made, and the



Woman made for Man.



II.

As the Scepter to be sway'd,
 As for Night's the Serenade,
 As for Pudding is the Pan,
 And to cool us is the Fan,
 So Man, &c.

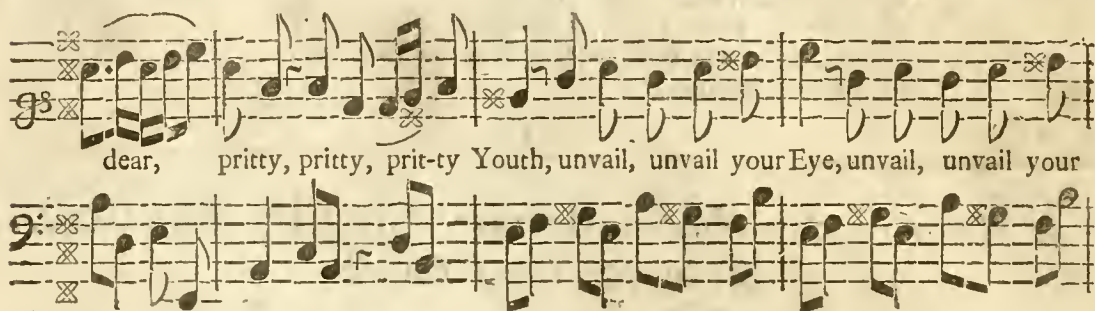
III.

Be the Widdow, Wife or Maid;
 Be the Wanton, be the Stay'd;
 Be the Well or Ill Array'd;
 Whore, Bawd, or Harridan,
 Yet Man, &c.

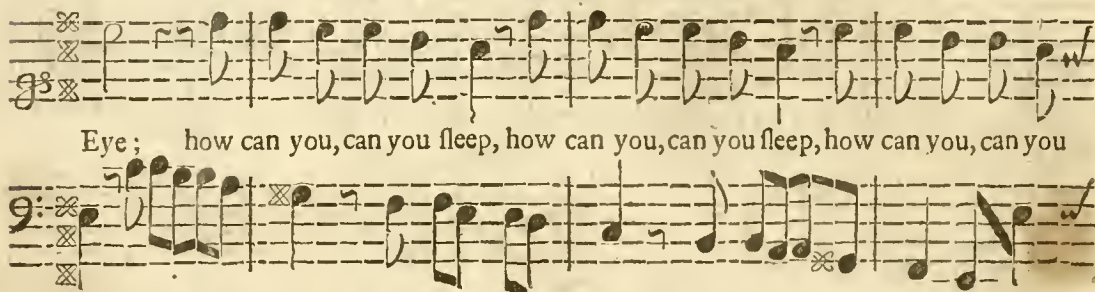
A New Song in the *Tempest*, Sung by *Mis Cross* to her Lover, who is supposed Dead. Set by *Mr. Henry Purcell*.



Dear, dear, pritty, pritty, prit-ty Youth,



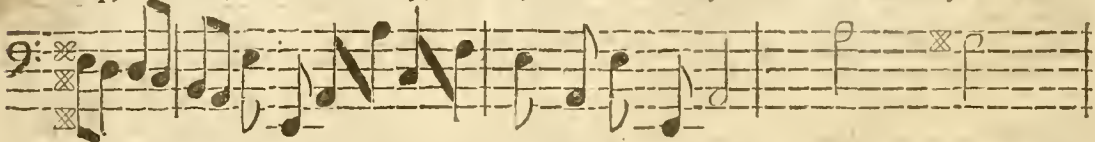
dear, pritty, pritty, prit-ty Youth, unvail, unvail your Eye, unvail, unvail your



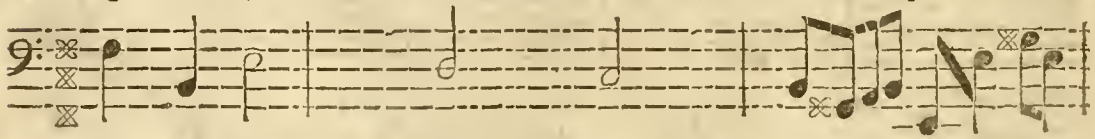
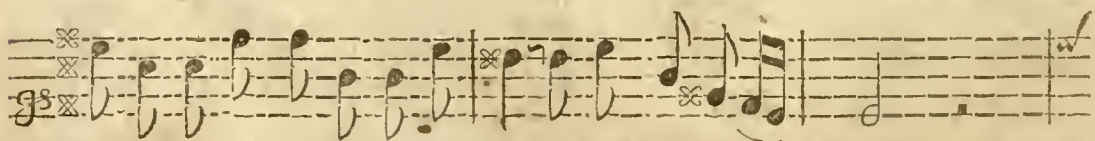
Eye; how can you, can you sleep, how can you, can you sleep, how can you, can you




sleep, when I, when I am by, when I, when I am by? Were I with you all

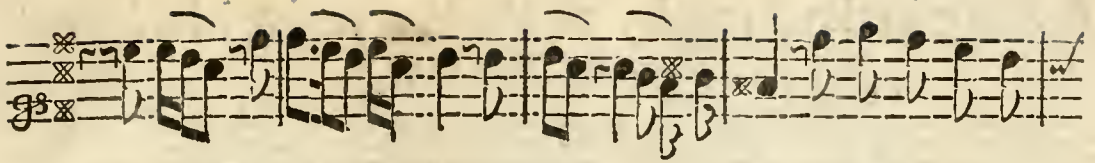



night to be, methinks I cou'd, methinks I cou'd, I cou'd from sleep be free, me-

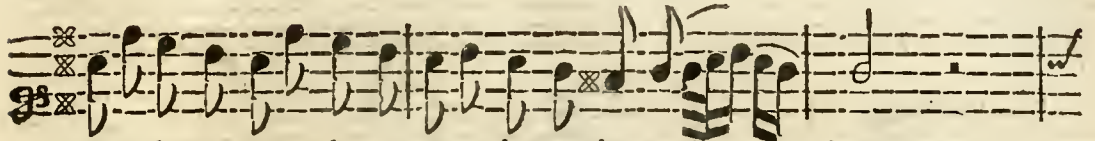
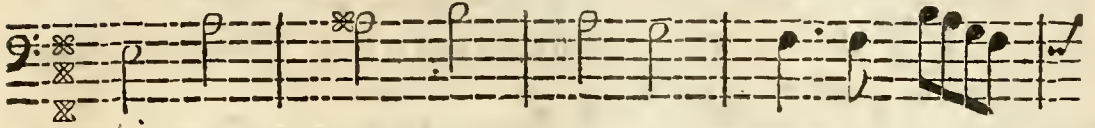



—thinks I cou'd, methinks I cou'd from sleep, I cou'd from sleep be free:

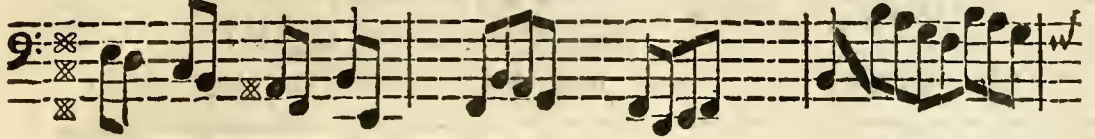




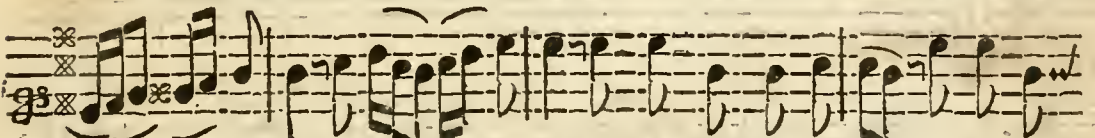
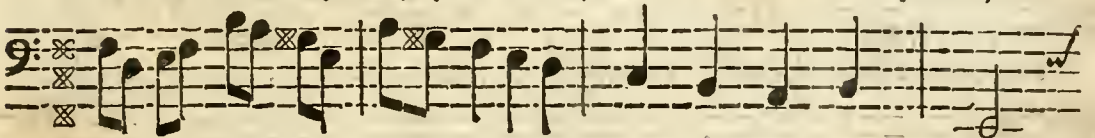
a—last, a—last my Dear, you'r cold, cold as stone, you must no longer,



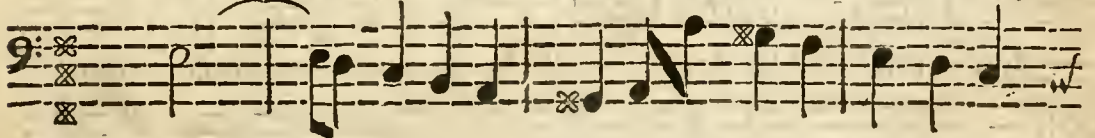
no, no longer, no, no longer, no, no longer, longer lye a—lone;



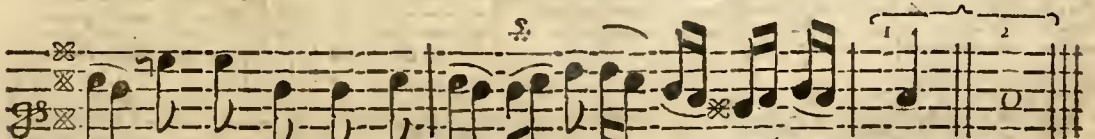
but be with me my Dear, my Dear, Dear, Dear, but be with me my Dear, and



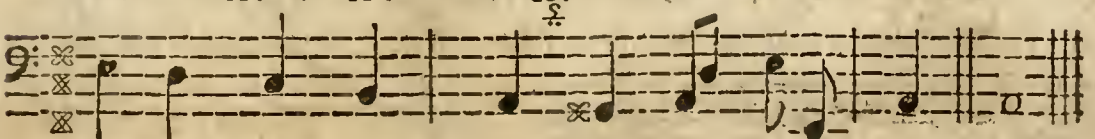
I in each Arm, and I in each Arm will hugg you, hugg you close, will hugg you,



hugg you close, hugg you close and keep you warm, will hugg you, hugg you

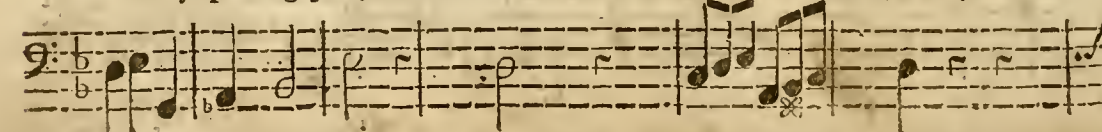
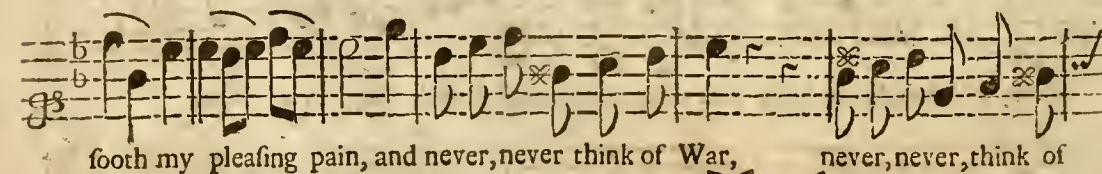
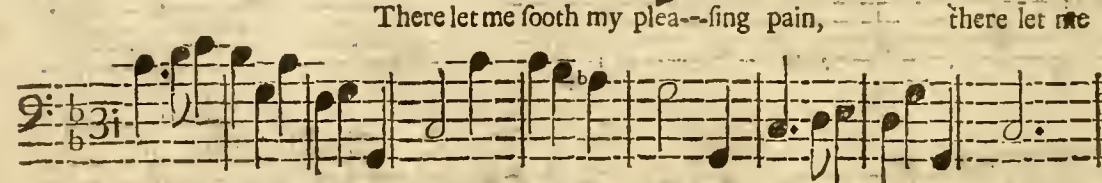
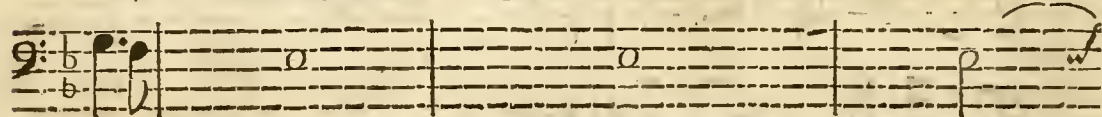
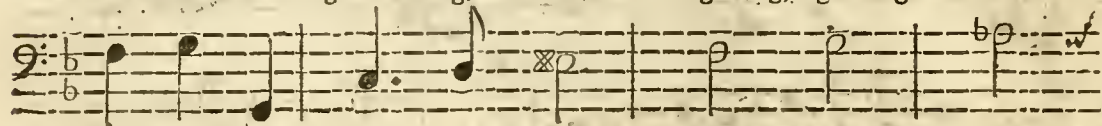
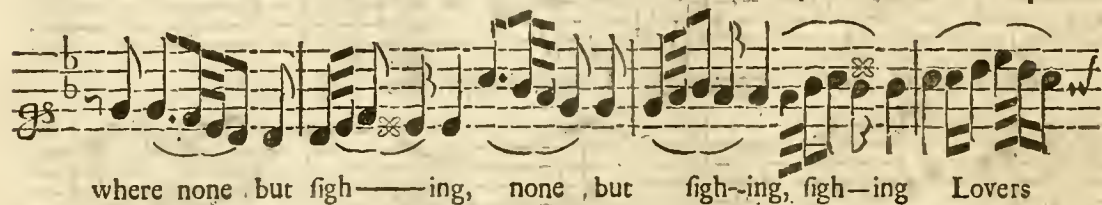
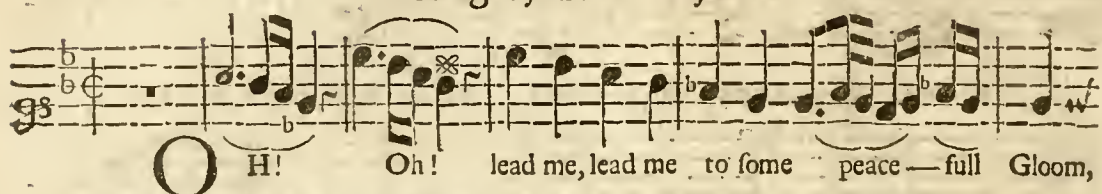


close, will hugg you, hugg you close, hugg you close and keep you warm.



A Song in the Trageby of *Bonduca*, fet by Mr. Purcell.

Sung by Miss Cross.



War, never, never think of War, never, never, never, never, never

think of War a--gain : what glo--ry, what glo--ry

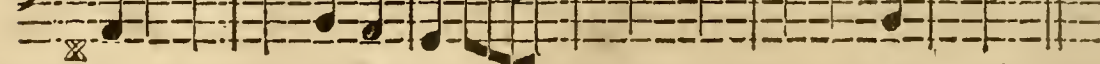
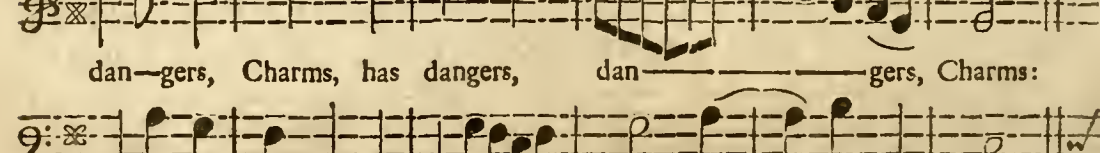
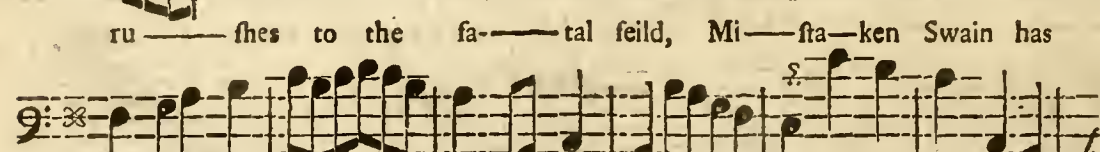
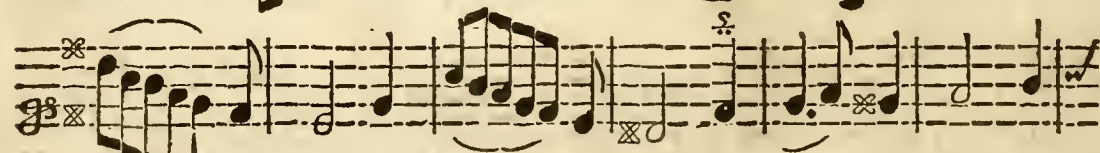
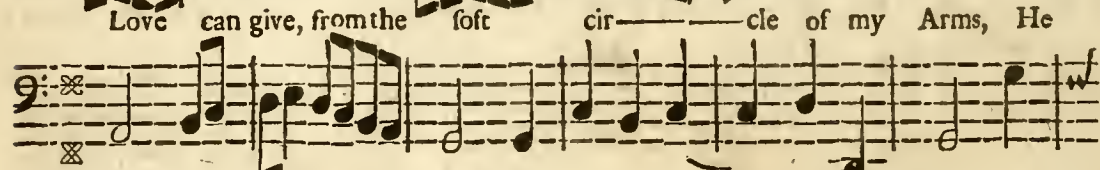
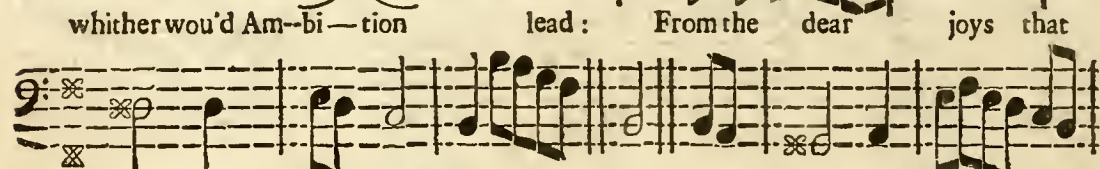
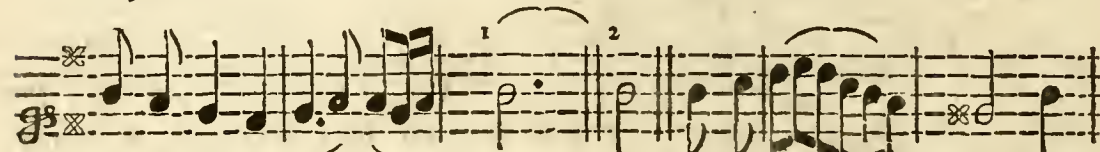
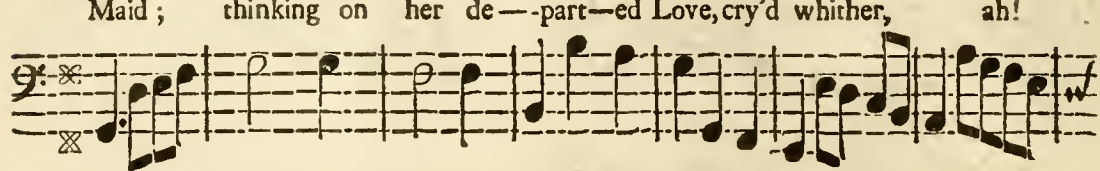
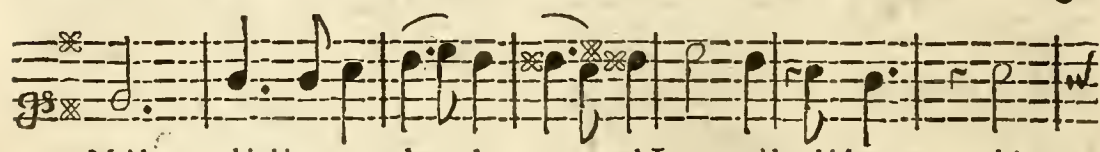
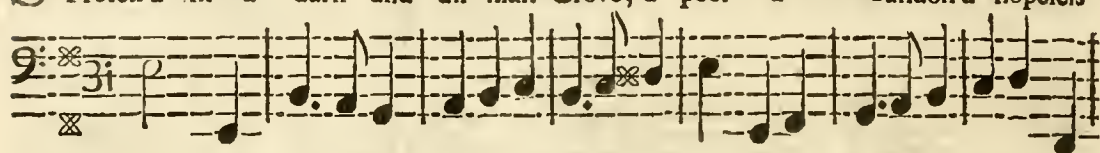
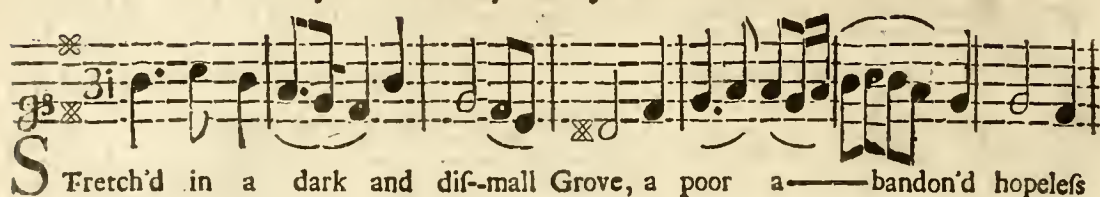
ry, what glo--ry can, can a Lover have to conquer, to con

quer, yet be still a slave, what glo--ry, what glo--ry

ry can a Lo--ver have, to conquer, to conquer, to conquer,

yet be still, still a slave, yet, yet be still, yet, yet be still, yet, yet be still, still a slave?

A Song in the 5th. Act of *Pyrrhus*, Sung by Mrs. Hud-
son. Set by Mr. John Eccles.



Lovers with scorn and hatred curst, when

all their passion fail'd to move, found out this ty—rant ho—nour

first in pure revenge to ru—ine Love, in pure revenge to

ru—ine Love, found out this ty—rant ho—nour first, in

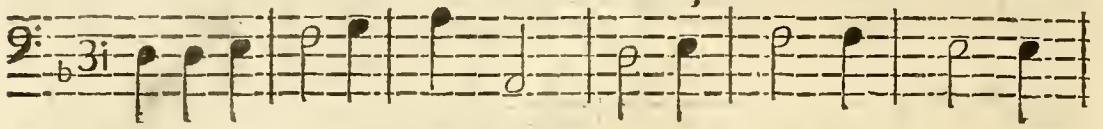
pure revenge to ru—ine Love, in pure revenge to

ruine, ru—ine Love. Love.

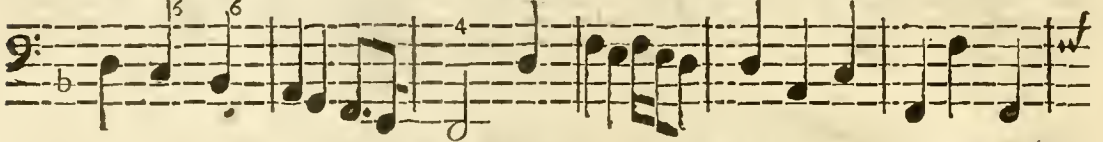
A New Song Set by Mr. John Freeman.



TOO well I fear A—lex—is knows, his con—quest o'er my



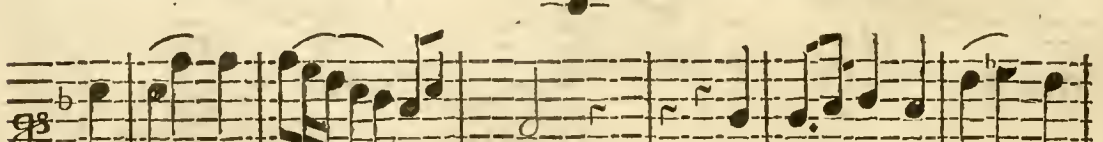
ten—der heart; in vain I wou'd the flame op—pose, in



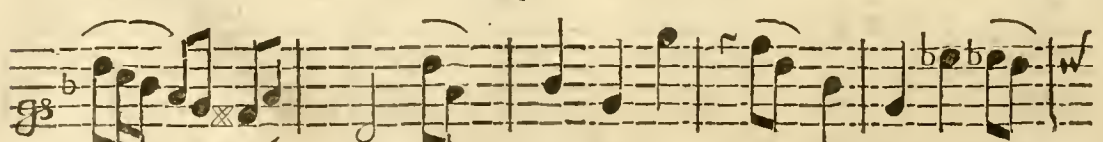
vain I wou'd the flame op—pose, in vain I wou'd, in



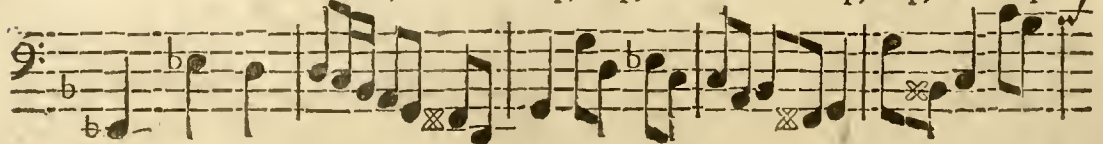
vain con—temn the fa—tall dart: But love



too subtl'y does in—vade, but love too subtl'y



does in—vade, oh! help, help, oh! oh! help, help, oh! help



oh! on! help a yeild ————— ing Maid, but Love too

subtly, too subtly does in—vade, oh! help, help, help, oh!

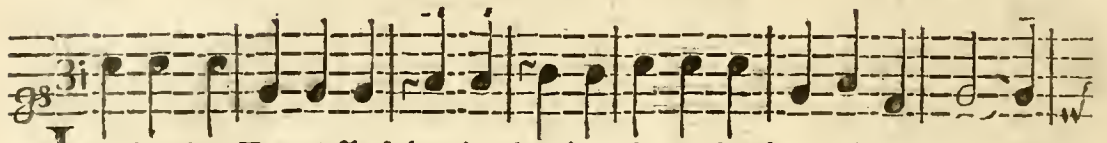
help, help, oh! help, help, oh!

help a yeild —————

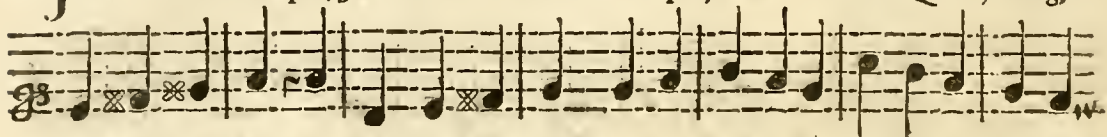
ing Maid.

A New *Catch* in the Tragedy of *Bonduca*.

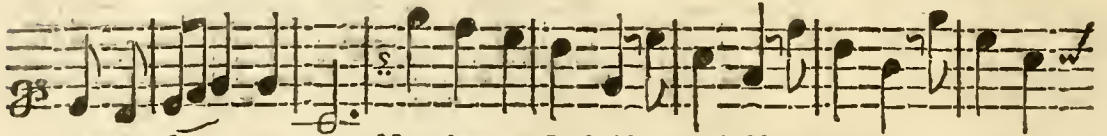
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



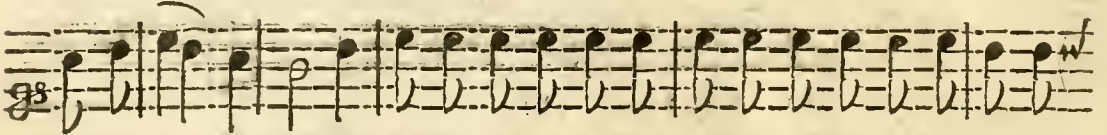
J Ack thour't a Toaper, *Jack* thour't a thour't a Toaper, let's have tother Quart ; Ring,



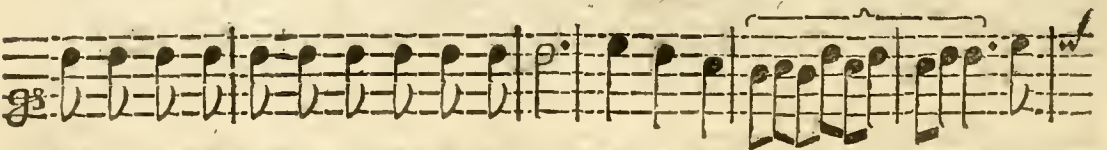
ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, we'er so sober, so sober, so sober



'twere a shame to part; None but a Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold



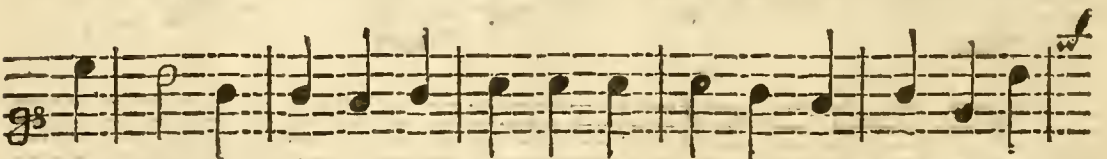
Bully'd by his Wife, for coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming,



coming, coming, coming, coming, coming late, fears a Do-mes-----tick



Strife ; I'm free, I'm free and so are you, so are you, so are you too, call



and knock, knock boldly, knock boldly, knock boldly, knock boldly, tho'



Watchmen cry *paft* two a Clock.

A Dialogue in *King Arthur*, set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

Y O U say 'tis Love creates the pain, of which so sadly you complain;

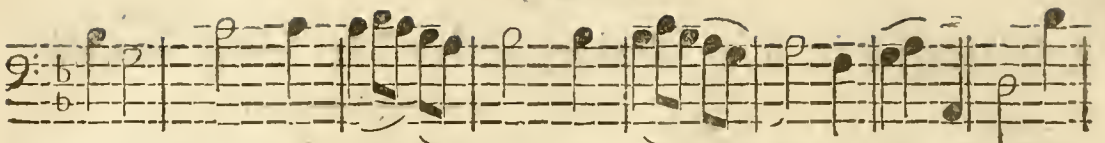
and yet would fain engage my heart, in that un-easy cruel, cruel part;

but how a-las, how a-las think you that I can bear the wound

—ds of which you die? how a-las, how a-las think you that I can

bear the wounds of which you die? 'Tis not my passion makes my care,

but your indifference gives despair; the lusty Sun, the lusty Sun be—



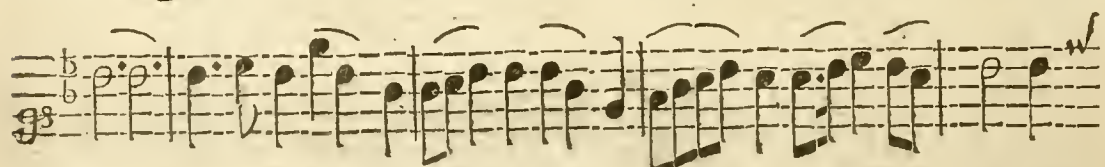
— gets no Spring, till gen—tle show'rs, till gen—tle show'rs af—fiance bring, so



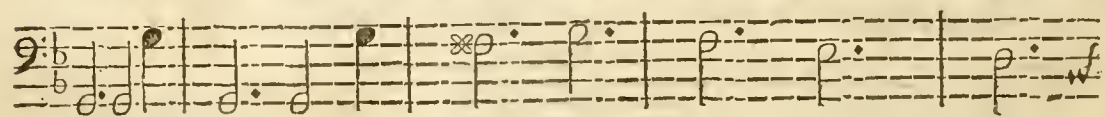
Love that scorches and destroys, till kind—nefs aids, till kind-nefs aids can



cause no joy ; Love has a thousand, thousand, thousand, thou—sand ways to



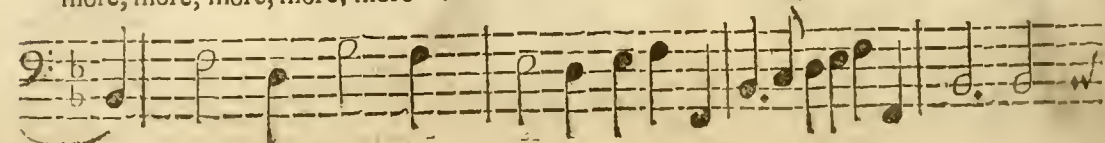
please; Love has a thousand, thousand, thousand, thou—sand ways to please; but



more, more, more, more, more, more, more to rob us of our ease, but more, more,



more, more, more, more, more to rob us of our ease; for wak—



ing nights and carefull days, some hours of plea

fures he re-pays; But ab-fence foon or jea-lous

fears o'er-flows the joy, o'er-flows the joy with floods of Tears; but ab-

fence foon or jea-lous fears o'er-flows the joys, o'er-flows the joys with floods of

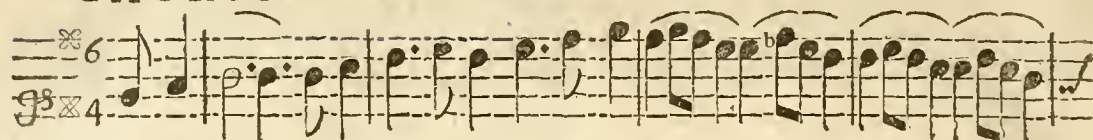
Tears: But one soft moment makes amends for all the tor-

ment that at-

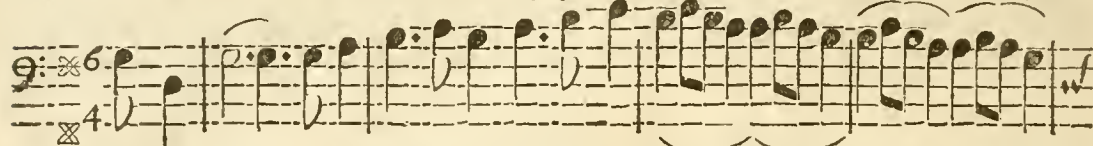
--tends, one soft moment makes a-mends for all the tor-

ment that at--tends.

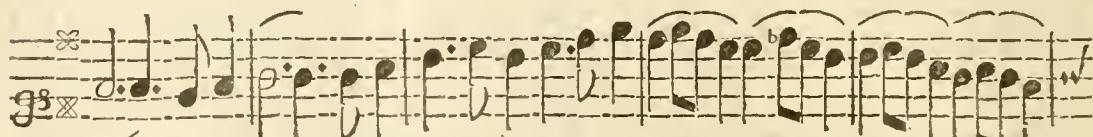
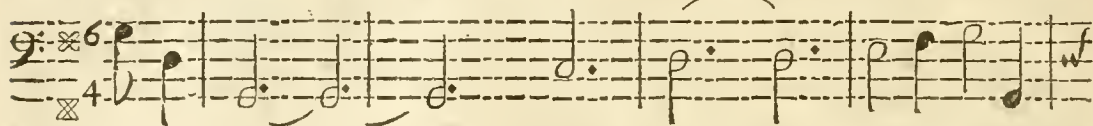
CHORUS.



Let us Love, let us Love and to hap-pi-ness *hast, hast, hast, hast,*



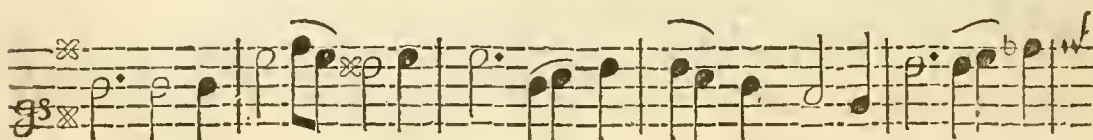
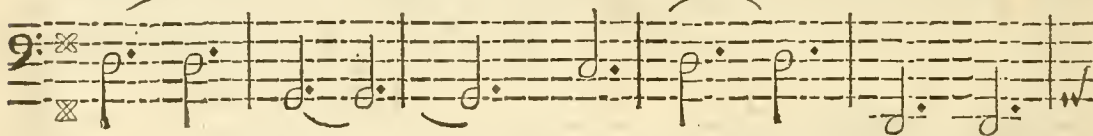
Let us Love, let us Love and to hap-pi-ness *hast, hast, hast, hast,*



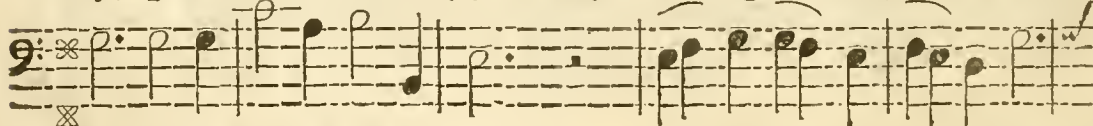
hast, let us Love, let us Love and to happi-ness *hast, hast, hast, hast,*



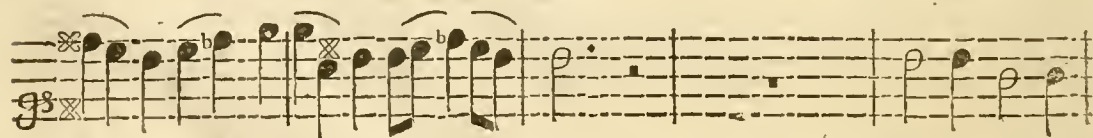
hast, let us Love, let us Love and to happi-ness *hast, hast, hast, hast,*



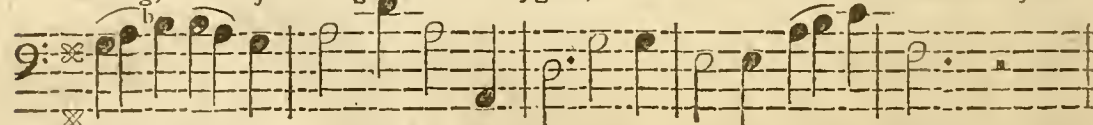
hast, Age and Wis-dom comes too fast; Youth for lo-ving was design'd, Youth for



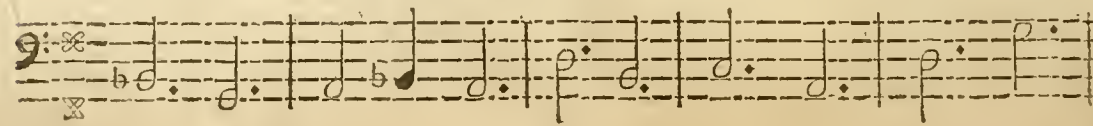
hast, Age and Wis-dom comes too fast; Youth for lo-ving was design'd,



lo-ving, Youth for loving was de--sign'd; You be constant

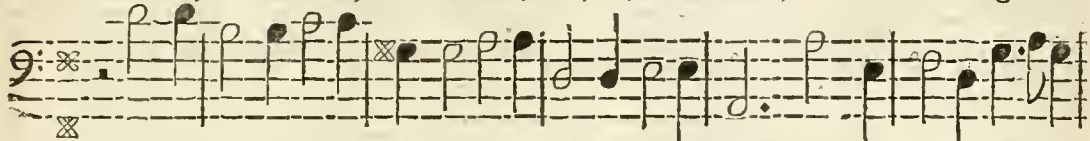


Youth for loving, loving was de-sign'd; I'll be constant, you be kind,

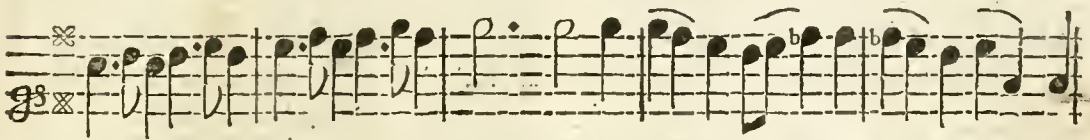
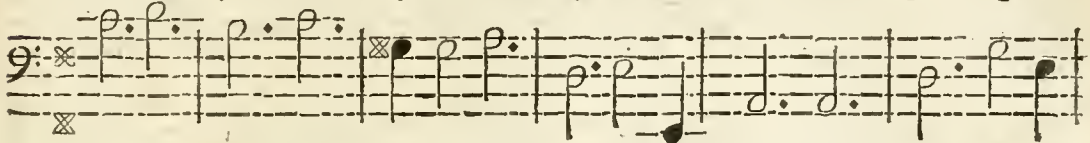




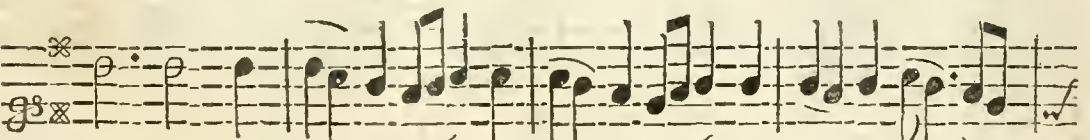
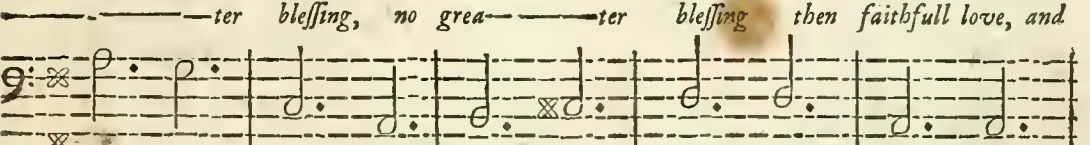
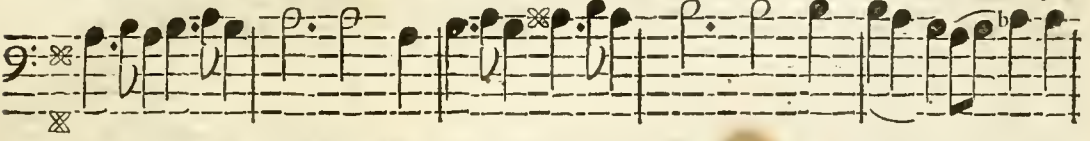
I'll be kind, I'll be kind, I'll be kind, kind, I'll, I'll be kind; Heav'n can give no



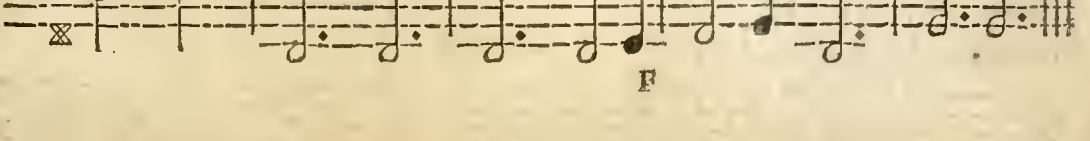
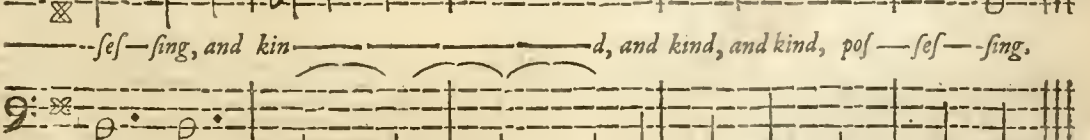
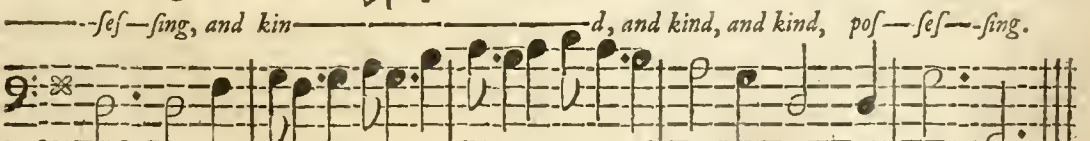
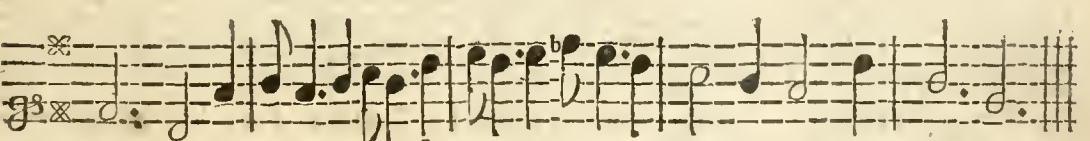
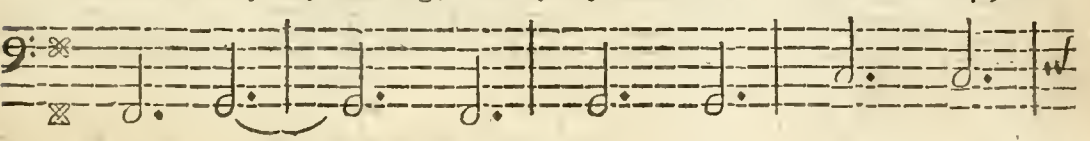
I'll be constant, I'll be constant, I'll be constant, I'll be kind; Heav'n can give no grea—



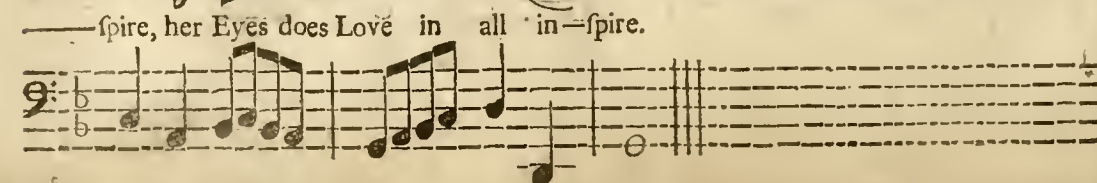
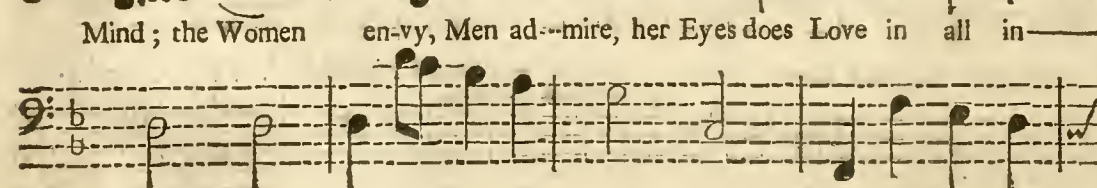
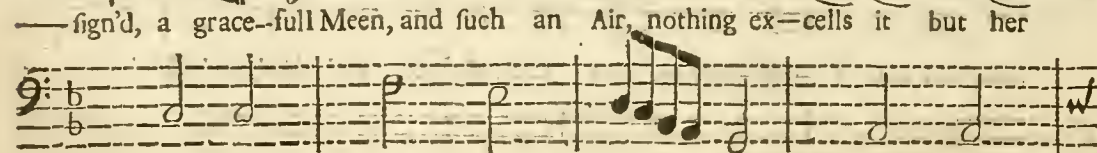
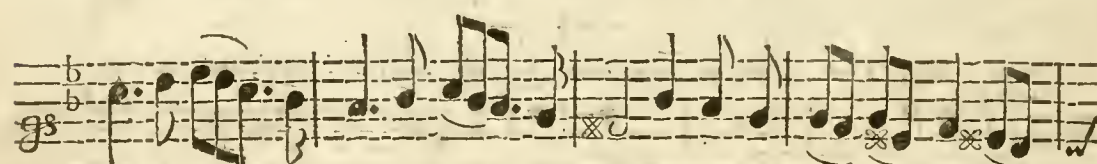
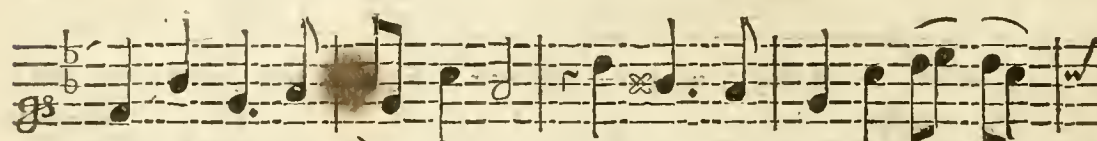
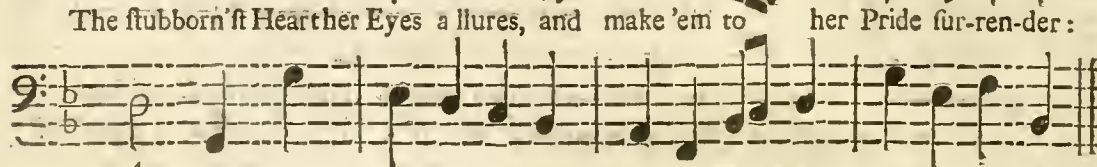
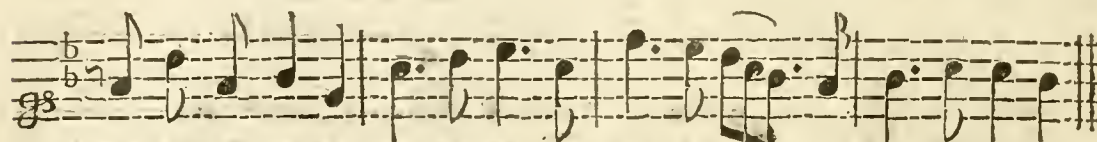
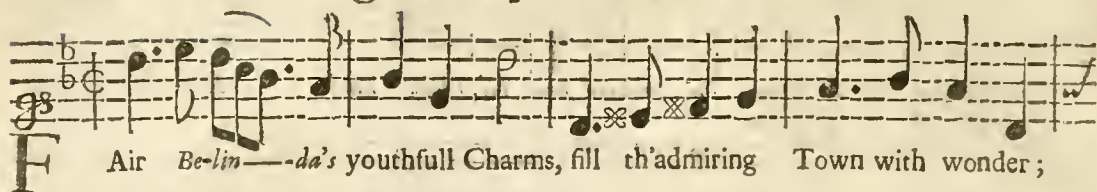
grea— ter blef—sing then faithfull love, and kind, and kind pos—



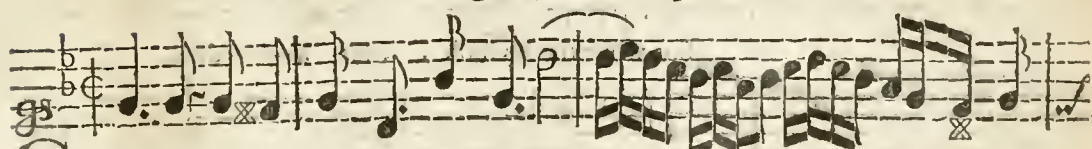
kind, and kind pos—ses—sing, then faithfull love, and kind, and kind pos—



A Song set by Mr. John Eccles.



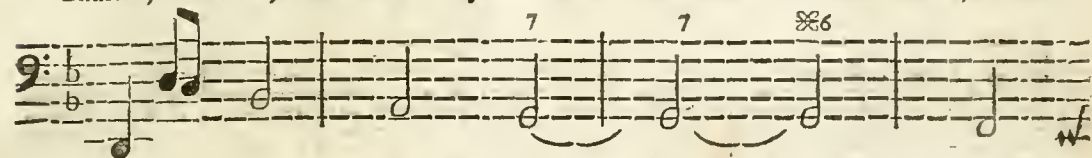

A Song in the *Rival-Sisters*, set by Mr. Henry
Purcell. Sung by Young Bowen.



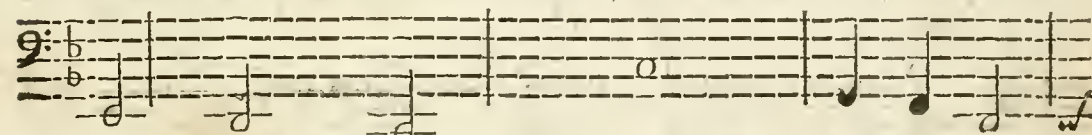
C *E—lia* has a thousand, thousand, thou— sand



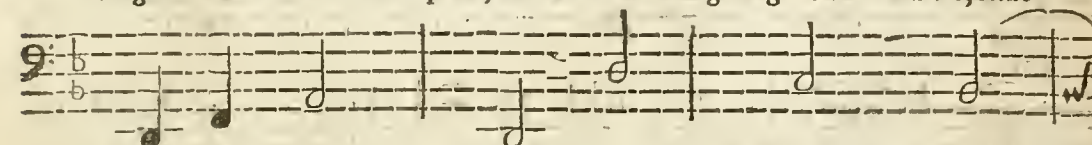
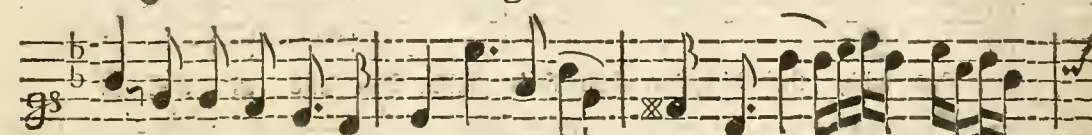

Charms, 'tis Heav'n, 'tis Heav'n to lye with—in her Arms; while I

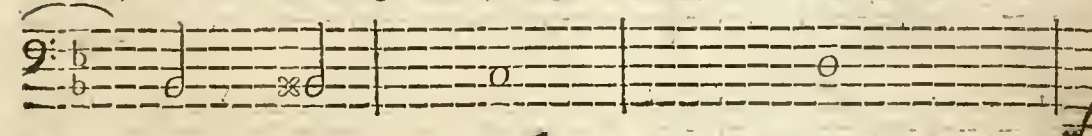
stand gazing on her Face, some new, and some resist—less grace, fills with fresh



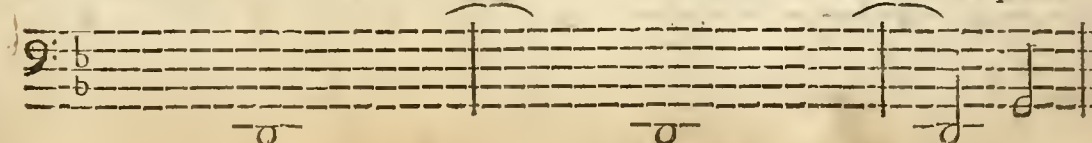

magick all the place, while I stand gazing on her Face, some

new, and some re-sist—less grace, fills with fresh magick all




the place:



But while the Nymph I thus a—dore,

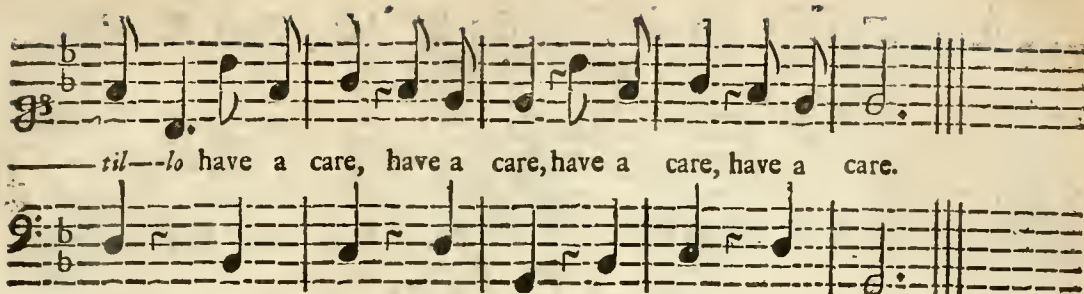
but while the Nymph I thus, I thus a—dore, I shou'd my wretched,

wretched, wretched Fate de—plore; for oh! Mir—tillo, oh! Mir—

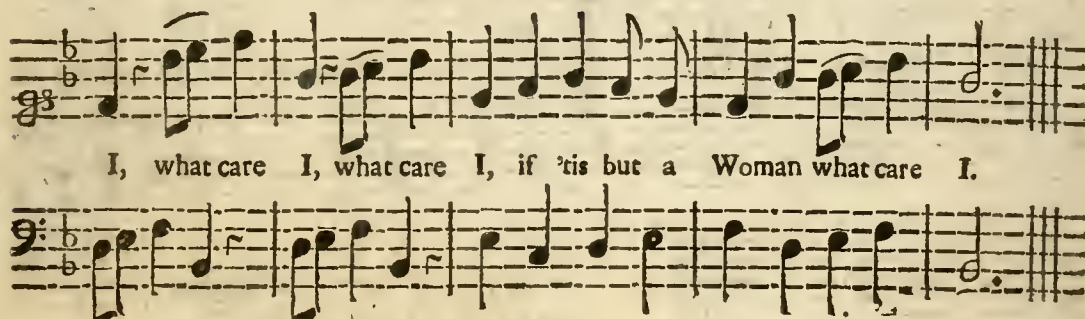
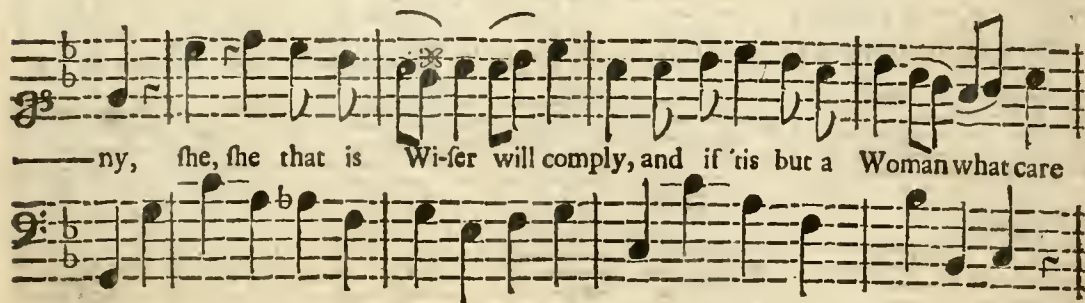
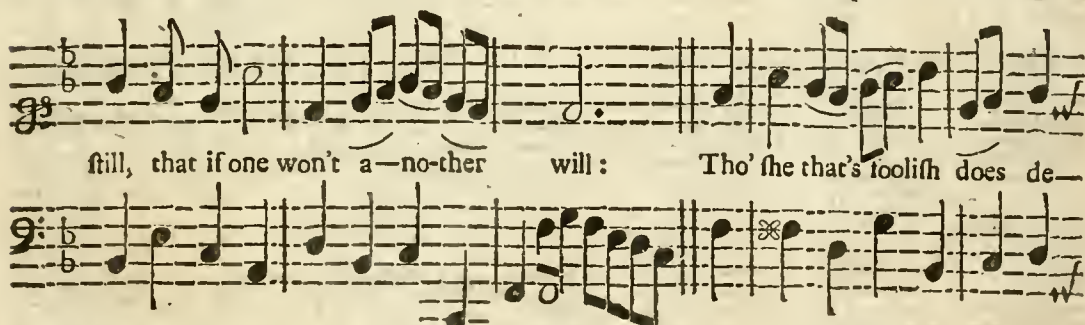
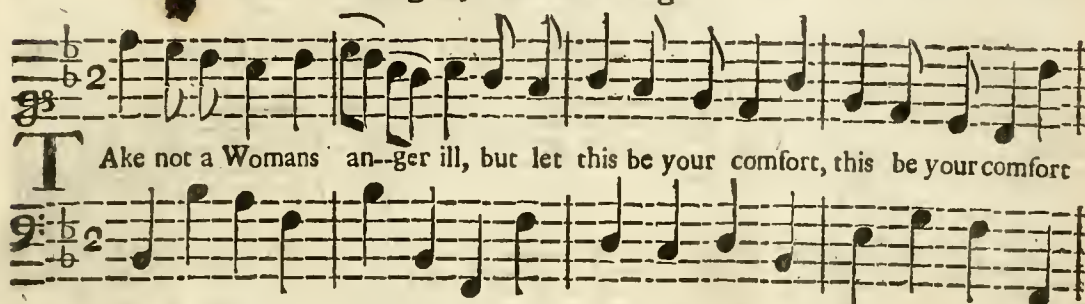
—til-lo have a care, have a care, her sweetness is a—bove com—pare, but

then she's false, she's false, but then she's false, she's false as well as

fair; have a care, have a care, have a care Mir—til—lo, have a care, Mir—



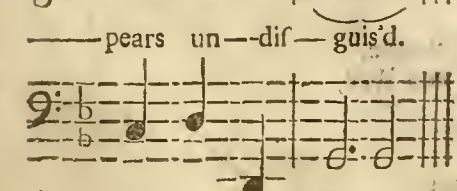
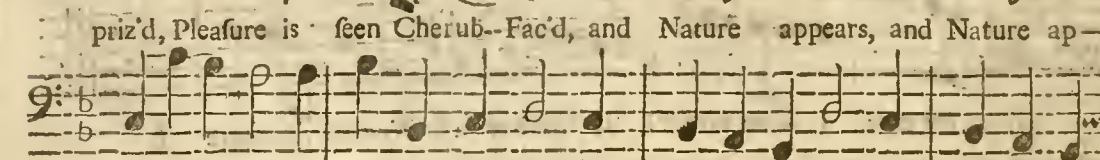
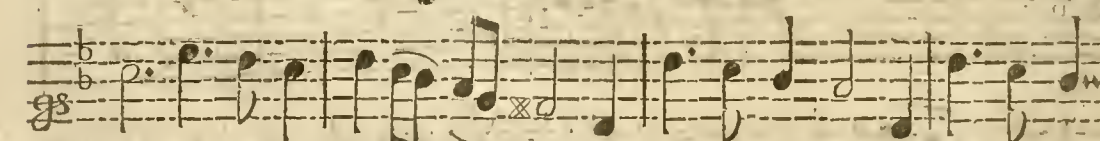
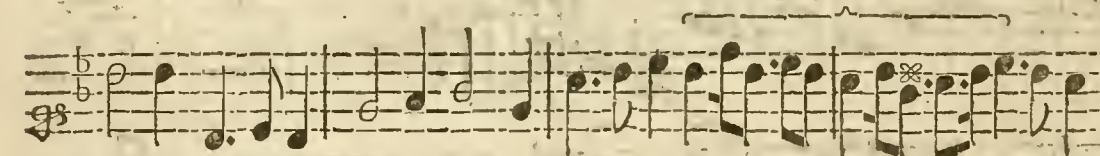
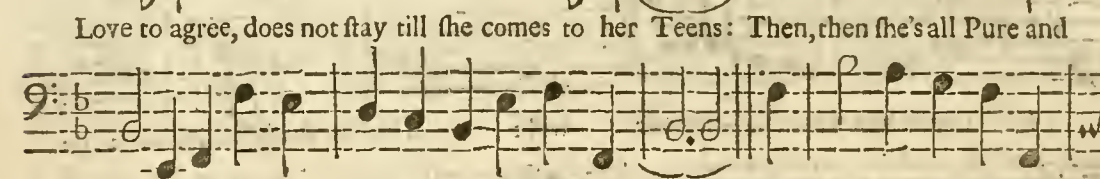
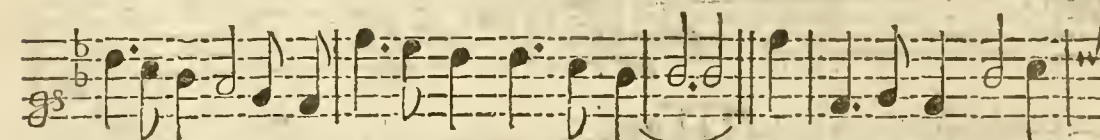
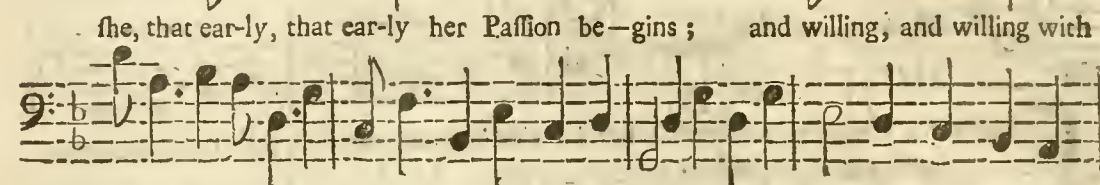
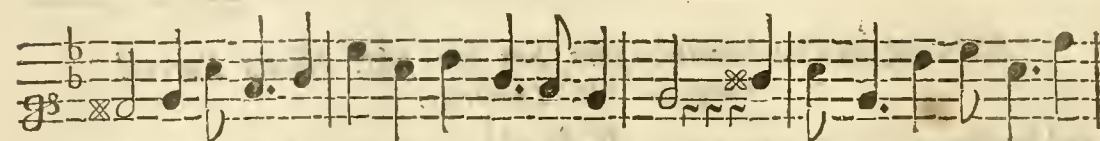
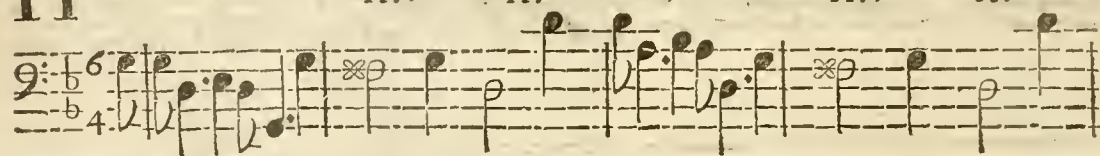
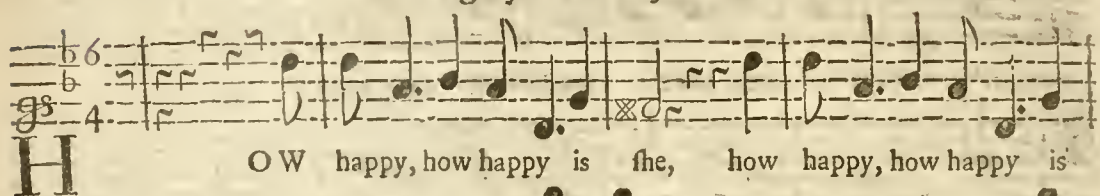
A Song in the *Rival-Sisters*, Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.
Sung by Mr. Leaverige.



II.

Then who'd be Damn'd, to Swear untrue,
And Sigh and Weep, and Whine and Woe,
As all our simple Coxcombs doe;
All Women love it, and tho' this,
Does suddenly forbid the bliss,
Try but the next you cannot mis.

A Song in the *Rival-Sisters*, Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.
Sung by Miss Crofs.



II.

From Twenty to Thirty, and then,
Set up for a Lover in vain,
By that time we study how Men,
May be wrack'd with neglect and disdain:
Love dwells where we meet with desire,
Desire which Nature has given,
She's a Fool then that feeling the fear,
Begins not to warn at Eleven.

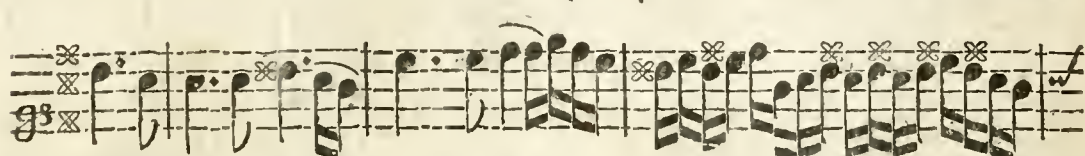
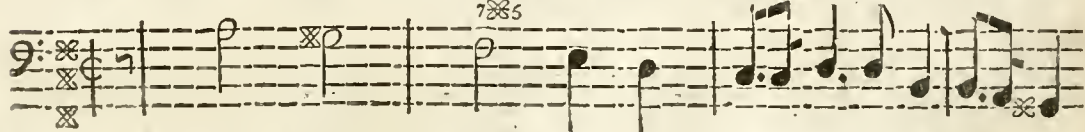
F I N I S.

The three following Songs, in the Play call'd *Oroonoko*.

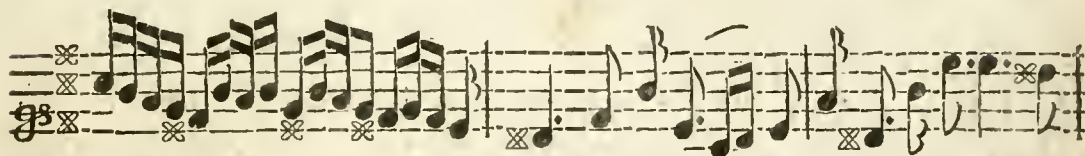
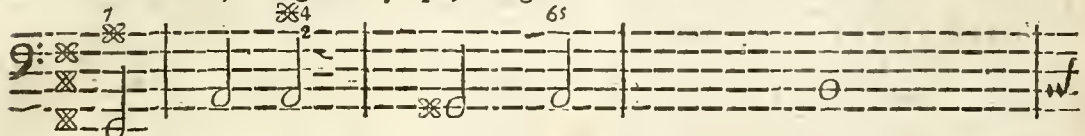
A Song Sung by the Boy, and Sett by Mr. Courtrevill.



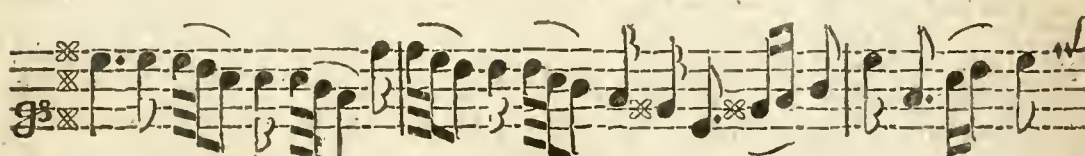
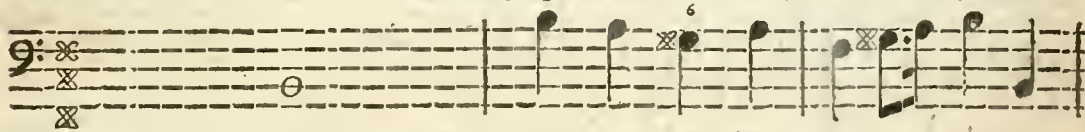
A Lafs, a Lafs there lives upon the Green, cou'd I, cou'd I, cou'd I her



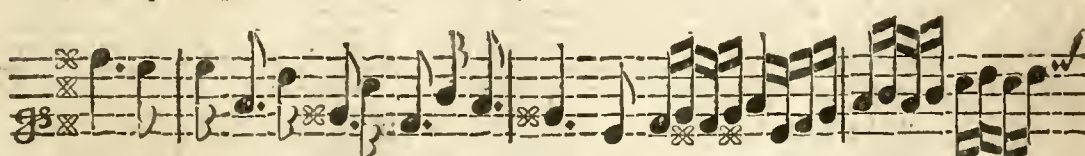
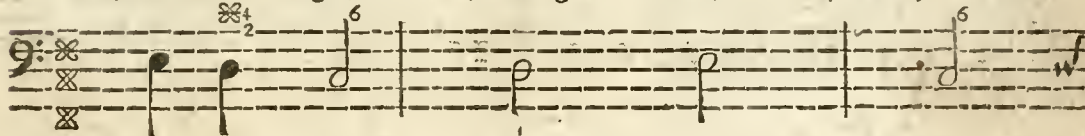
Picture draw; a brighter Nymph, a bright



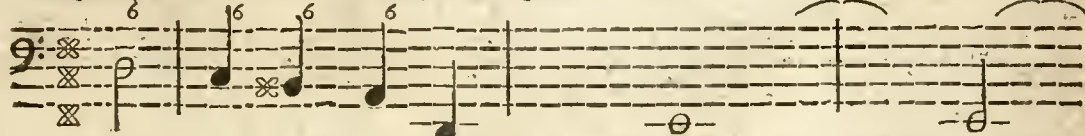
ter Nymph was never, never, never, never, never



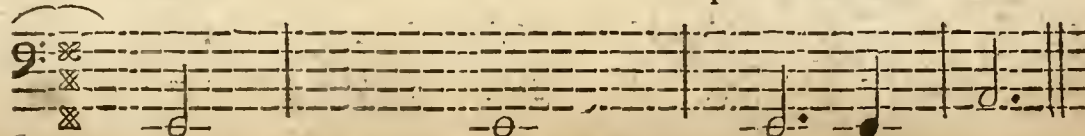
feen; that looks and reigns, that looks, and reigns a little, lit-tle, little, lit-tle



Queen, a lit-tle, lit-tle, little, little Queen, that kee



ps the Swains in awe.

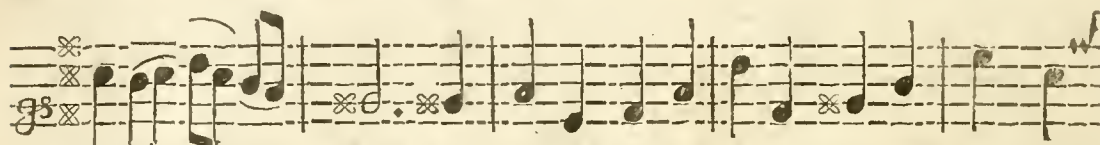
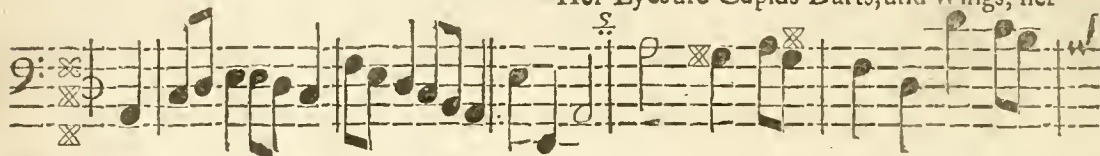


Delicia Musica 4th Book

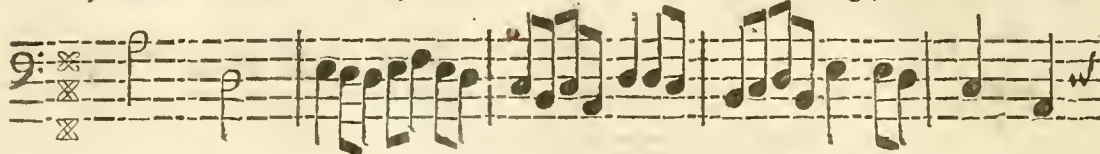
4235709



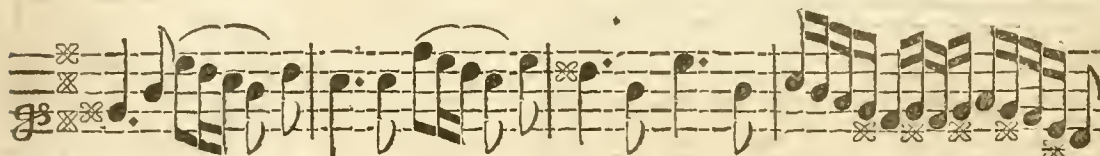
Her Eyes are Cupids Darts, and Wings, her



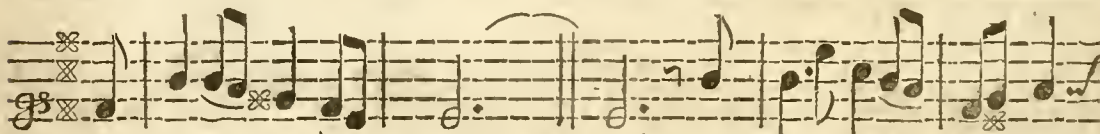
Eyebrows are his Bow, her Silken Hair the Silver Strings, that sure and



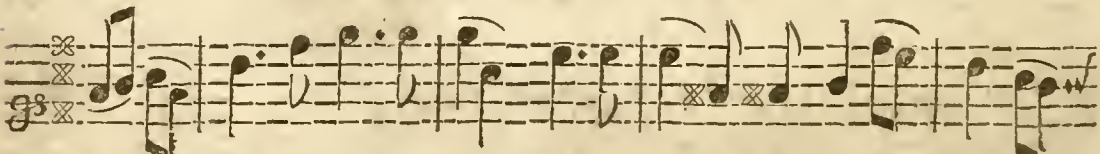
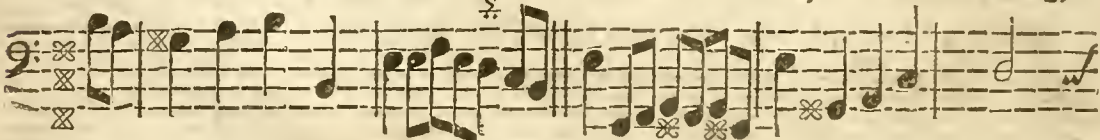
swift, swift, swi ——— ft destruction brings to all, all,



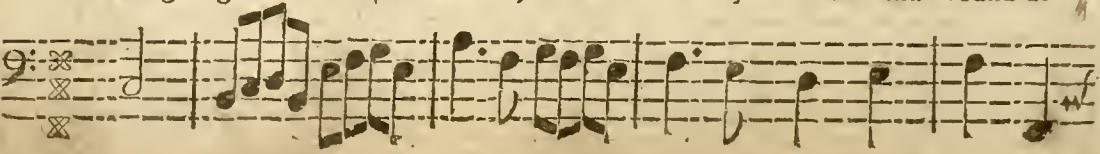
all, to all, all, all, to all, all, all, to all, to all, ———



to all the Vale be ——— low. If Pastorella's dawning,



dawning light can warm, and wound, warm and wound, can warm and wound us



fo, her Noon will shine fo Pier — cing, Peir — cing bright, each

glan — cing Beam will kill out —

—right, will kill out-right, and ev—ry Swain, and ev—ry Swain subdue, and

ev—ry Swain, and ev—ry Swain sub—due.

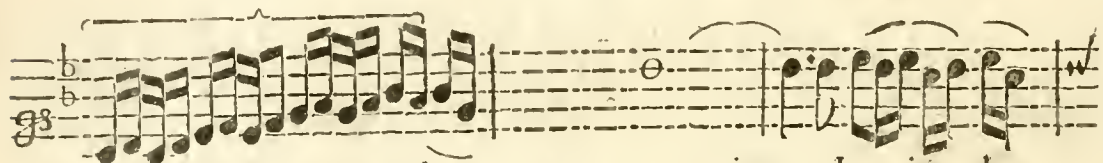
A Song Sett by Mr. R. Courteville.

B Right Cynthia's Pow'r di—vine — ly

great, what Heart, what Heart, what Heart is not o — bey — ing?



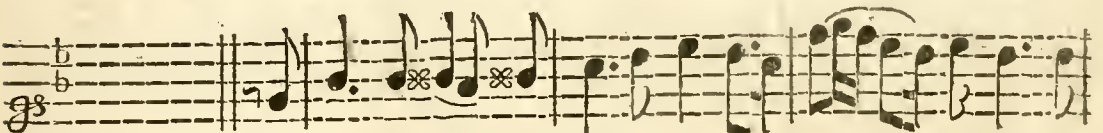
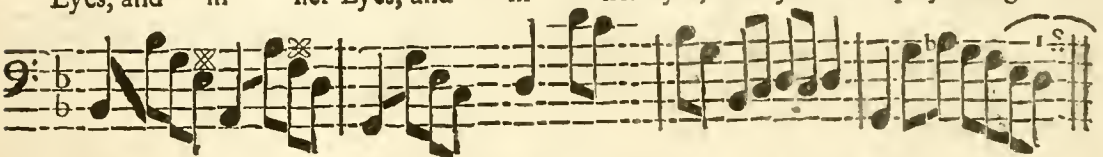
A Thousand, thousand *Cupids*, a thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand *Cupids*



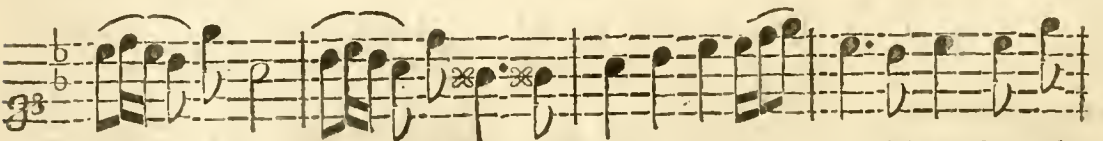
on ————— her wait, and in her



Eyes, and in her Eyes, and in her Eyes, her Eyes are play—ing.



She seems the Queen of Love, the Queen of Love to Reign, for

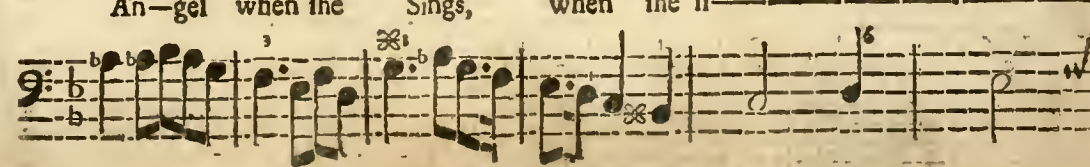
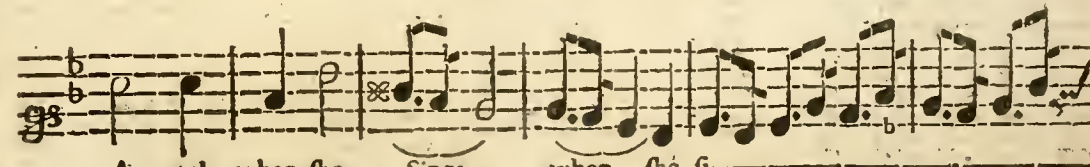
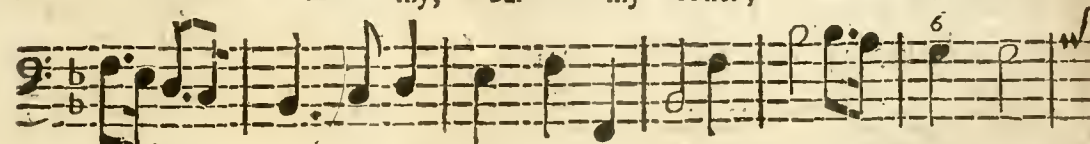
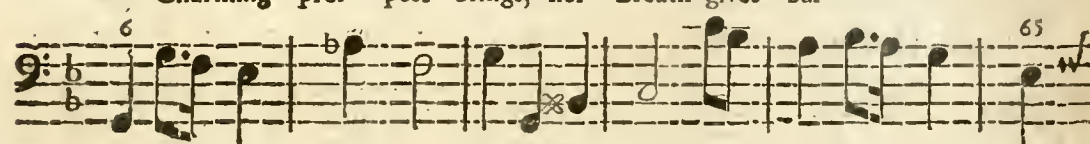
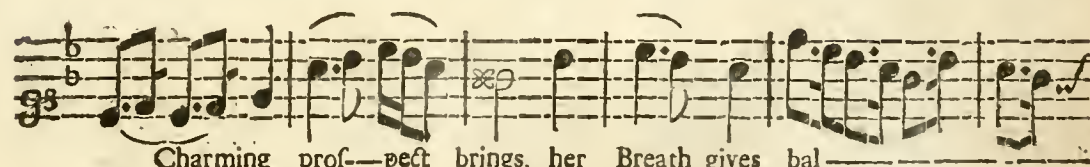
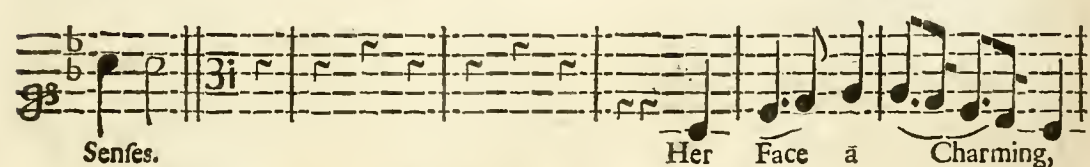
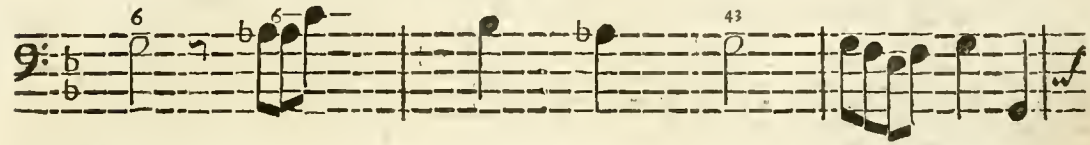
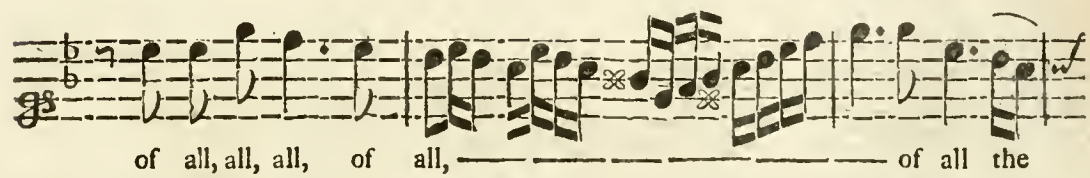
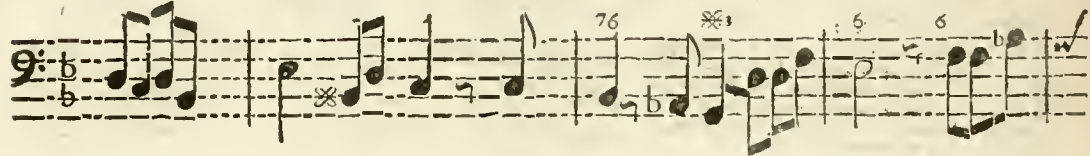
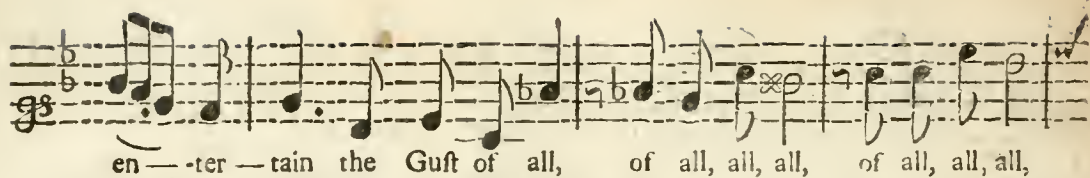


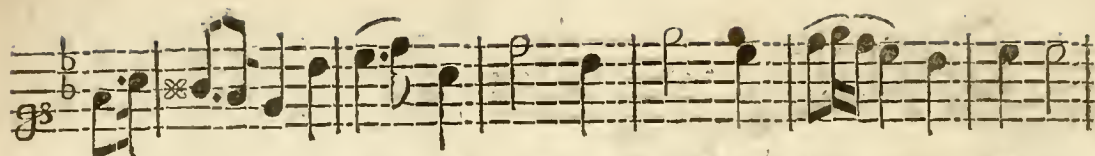
she alone, she alone, for she alone, a—lone dis-per-fes such



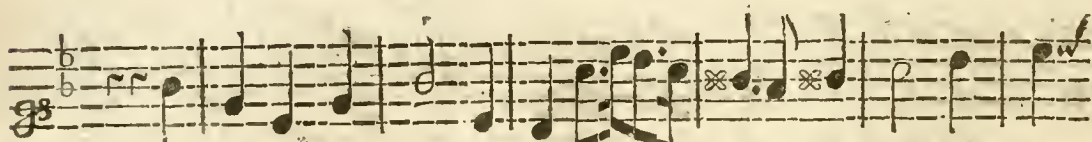
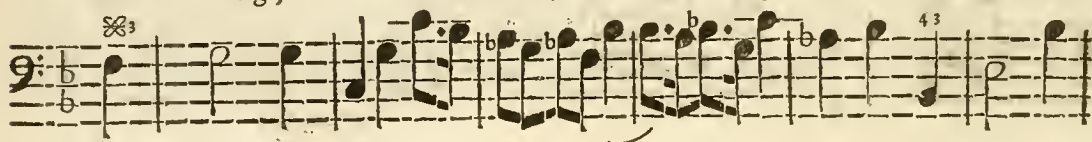
sweets, sweets, such sweets, sweets as best can en—ter—tain, can



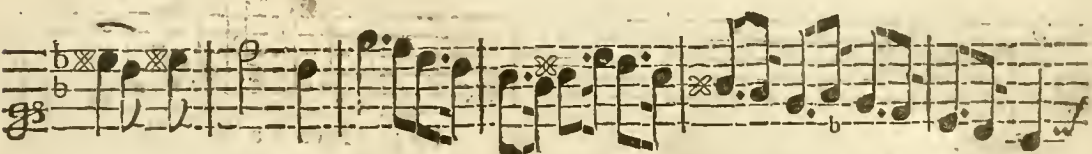
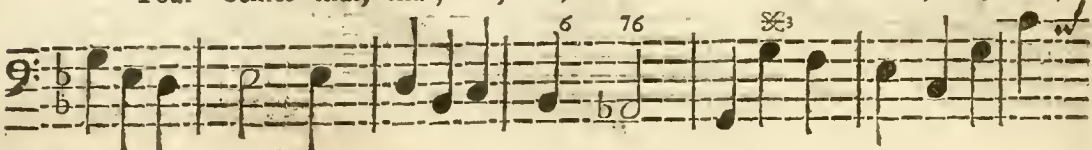




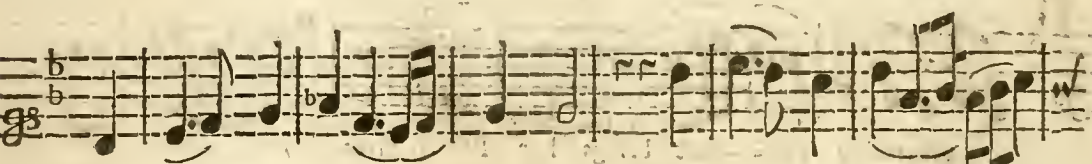
ngs, and taft of Heav'n, of Heav'n a lone in Kiffes.



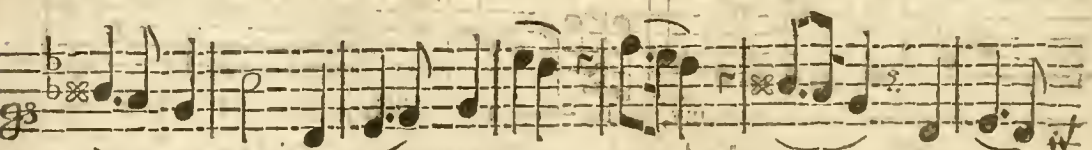
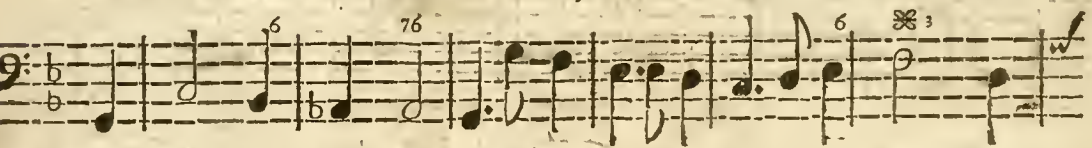
Four Senfes thus, thus, thus, thus, thus the feasts, thus, thus,



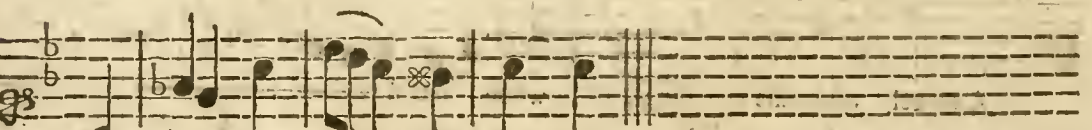
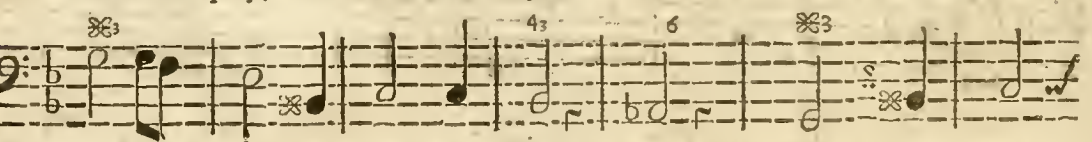
thus the feasts with joy s,



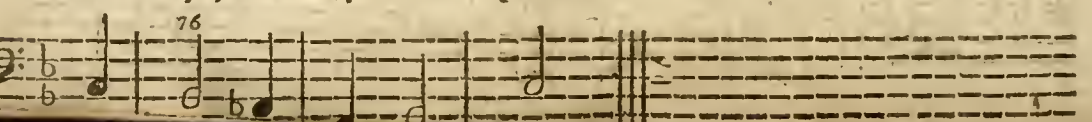
from Natures ri-chest Treasure, let me the o-ther



Senfe imploy, and I shall dye, dye, dye, and I

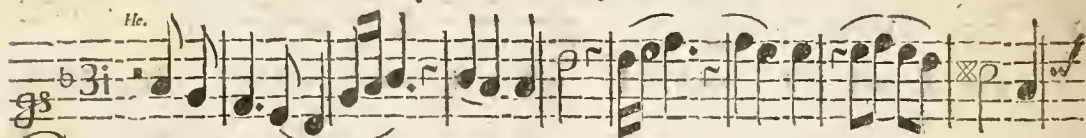


shall dye, shall dye with pleasure.



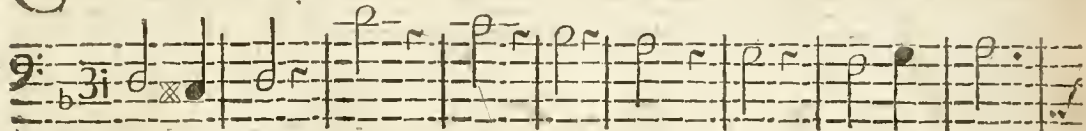
A Dialogue Sung in *Oroonoko*, by the Boy and Girl.

Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.

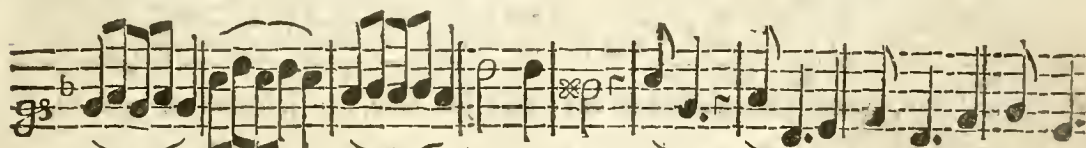
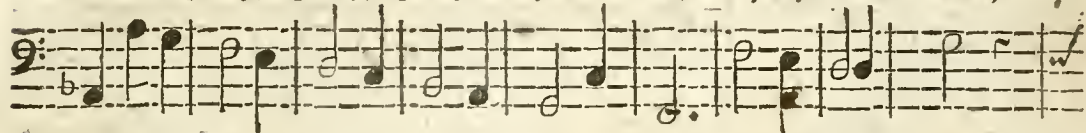


C

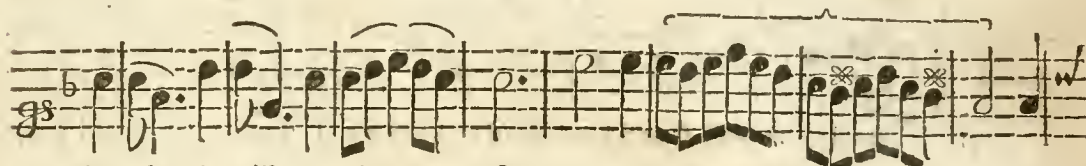
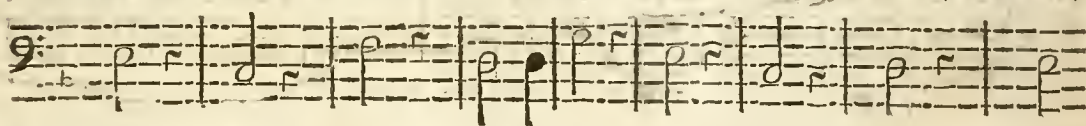
E-le-me-ne, pray tell me, pray, pray tell me Ce-le-me-ne



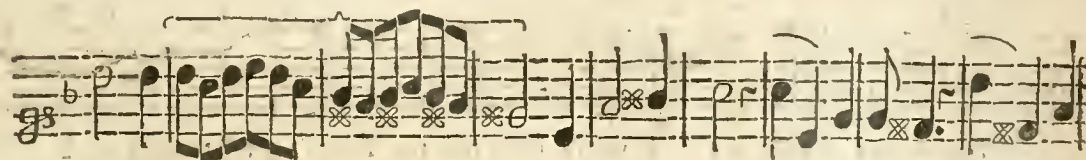
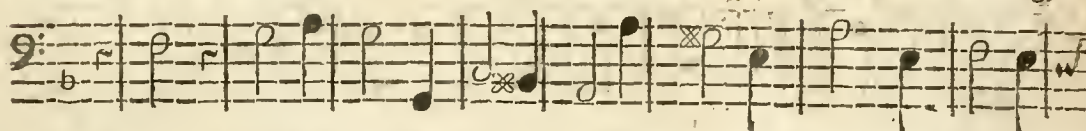
when those pretty, pretty, pretty Eyes I see; why my Heart beats,



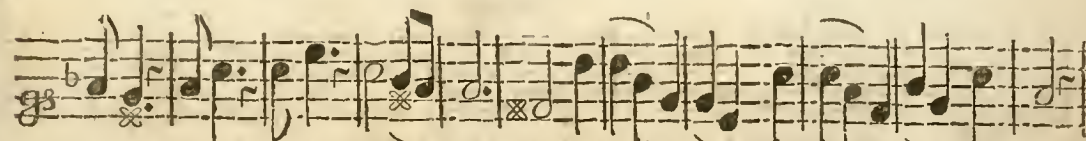
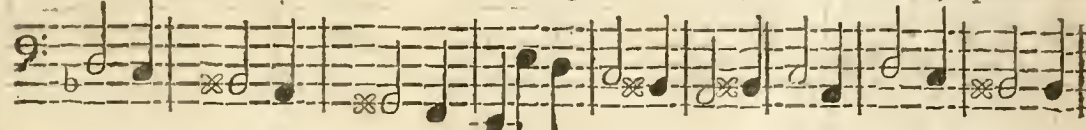
beats, beats, beats in my Breast? why, why it will not, it will not,



why, why it will not let me rest? Why this trem—bling,



why this trem—bling too all o'er; Pains I never, pains I



never, never, never felt be-fore: And when thus I touch, when thus I touch your Hand,

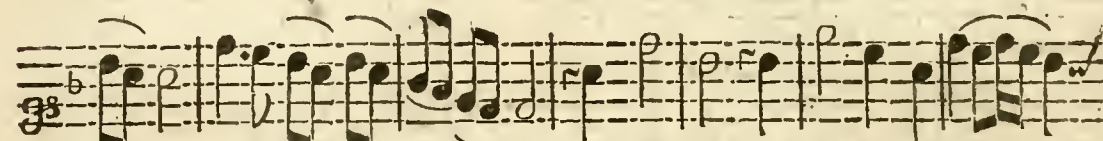
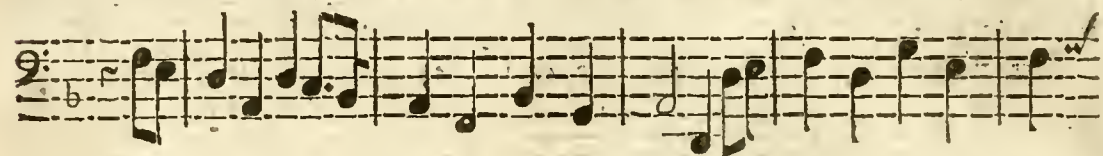




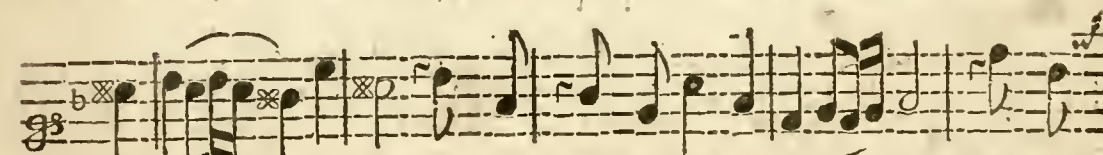
why I wish, I wish, I wish I was a Man? How shou'd



I know more than you? Yet wou'd be a Woman too. When you wash your self



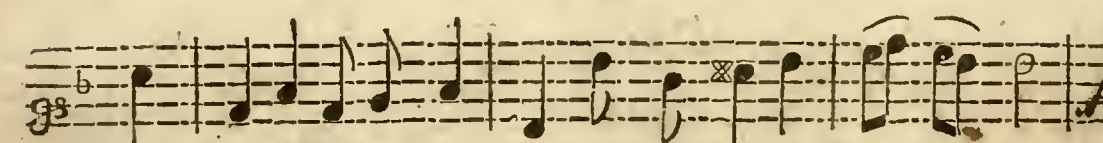
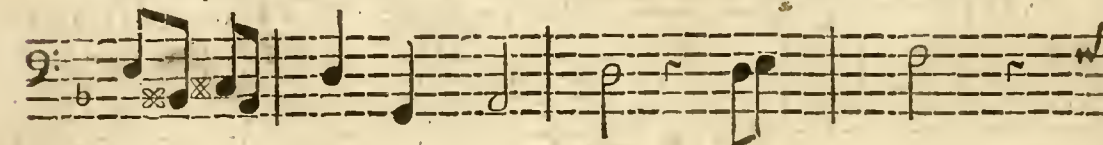
and play, I methinks cou'd look all day; Nay just now, nay, just now am pleas'd,



am pleas'd so well, shou'd you, shou'd you Kiss me I won't tell, shou'd you,



shou'd you Kiss me I won't tell; no, no I won't tell; no, no I



won't tell; no, no I won't tell; shou'd you Kiss me I won't tell.



He.

Tho' I cou'd do that all day, and de—fire no better play: Sure,

sure in Love there's something more, which makes Mam—ma so bigg, so

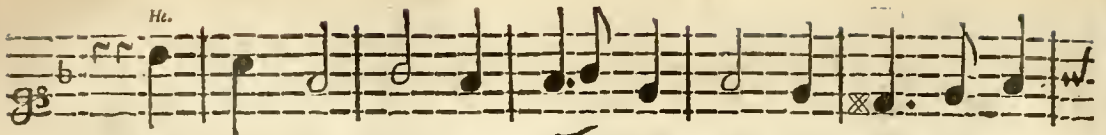
She.

bigg be—fore. Once by chance I hear'd it nam'd; don't ask

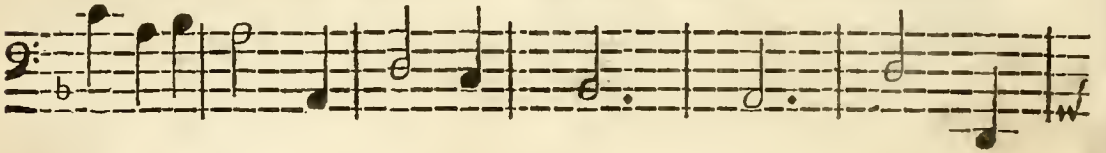
what, don't ask what for I'm a—sham'd: Stay but till you're

past Fif—teen, then you'll know, then, then you'll know what 'tis I

mean, then you'll know then, then you'll know what 'tis I mean.



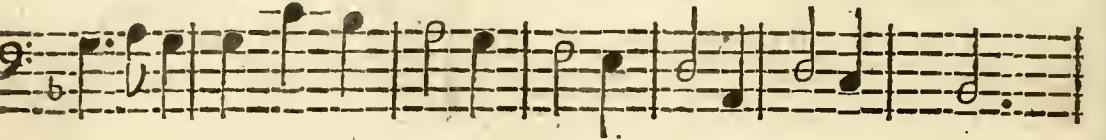
How—e—ver, lose not pre—sent Bliss; but now we're a—



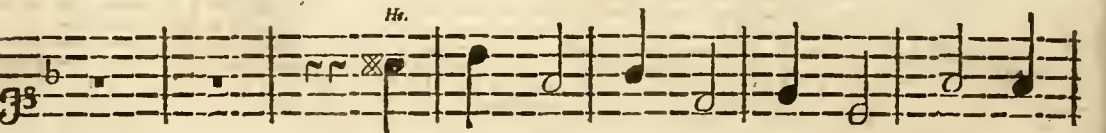
—lone let's Kifs, but now we're a—lone let's Kifs, let's Kifs.



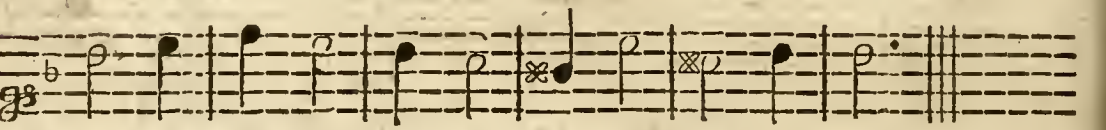
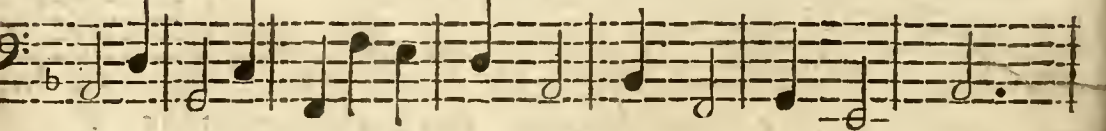
My Breasts do so heave, so heave, so hea—ve. My Heart does so



pant, pant, pant. There's something, something, something more we



There's something, something, something more we



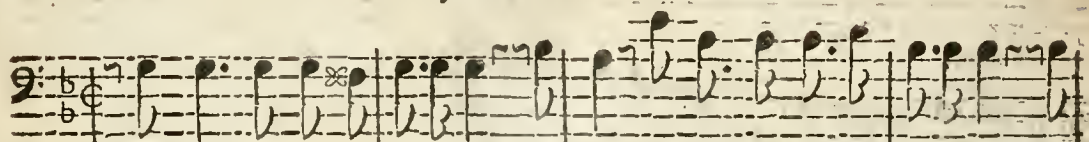
want, there's something, something, something more we want.



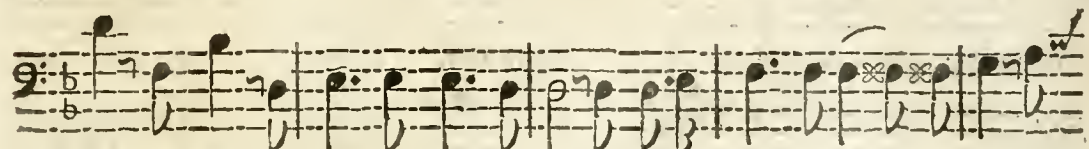
want, there's something, something, something more we want.



The Conjurers Song, Sung in the Third Act of the *Indian Queen*.
Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.



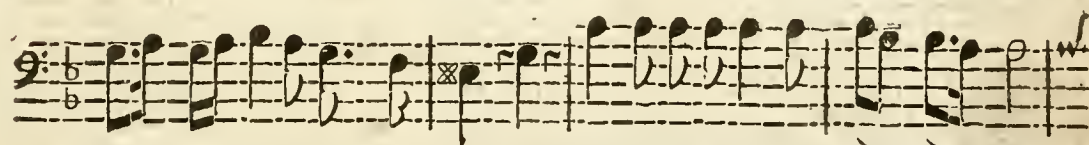
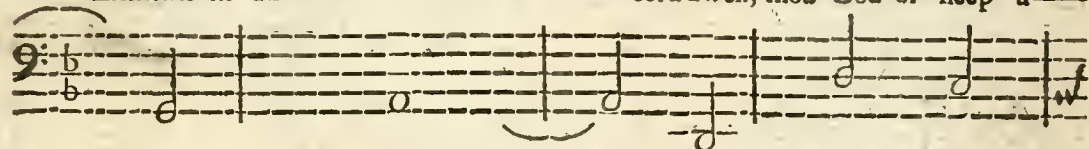
YOU twiceten hundred De-i-ties, to whom; to whom we dai-ly Sacrifice; Ye



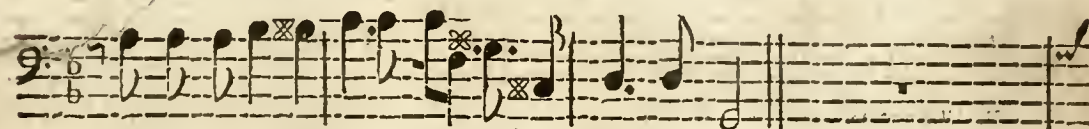
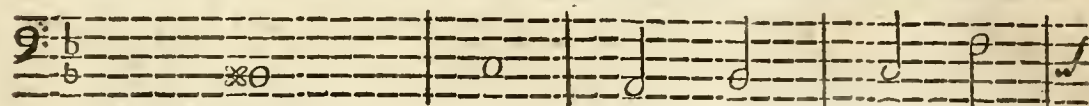
Pow'rs, ye Pow'rs that dwell with Fates below, and see what Men are doom'd to doe; where



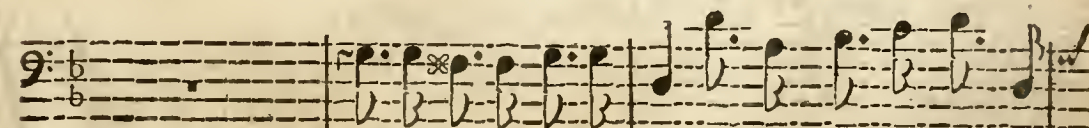
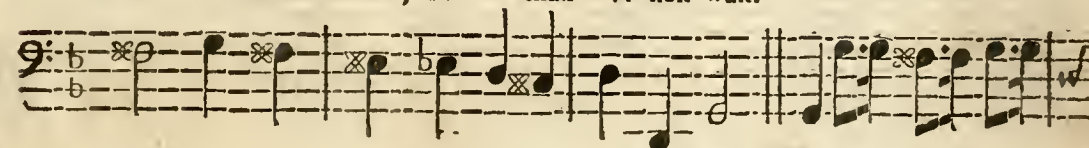
Elements in dis— cord dwell, thou God of sleep a—



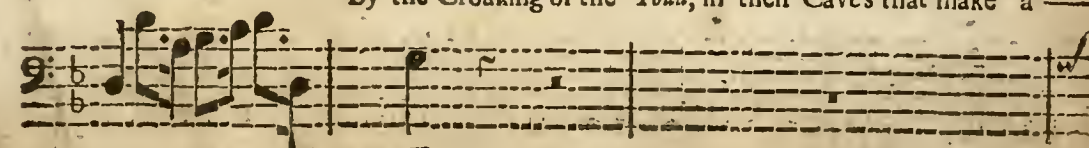
ri— se and tell; tell great Zempoalla, what strange, strange Fate

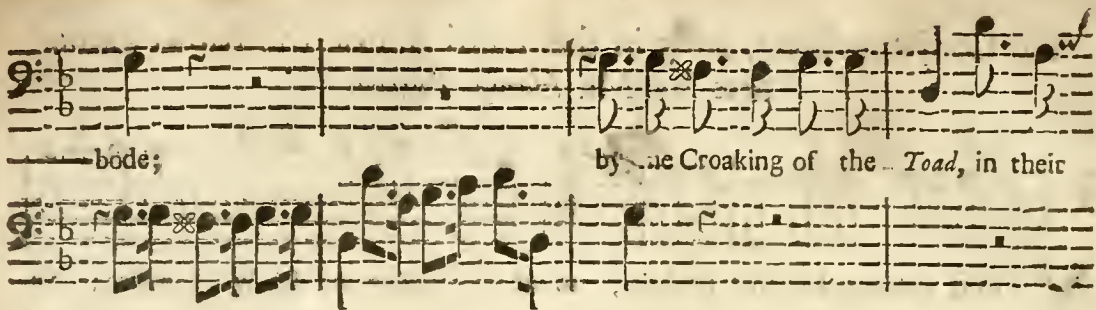


must on her dis— mall, dis— mall Vi-sion wait.

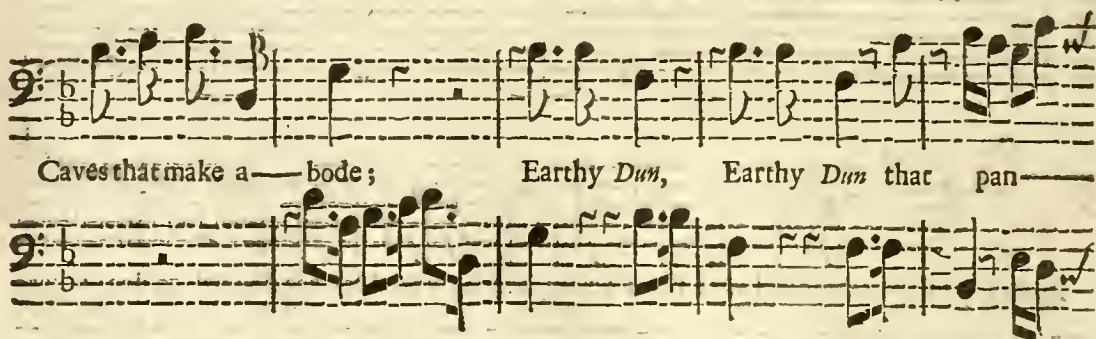


By the Croaking of the Toad, in their Caves that make a—

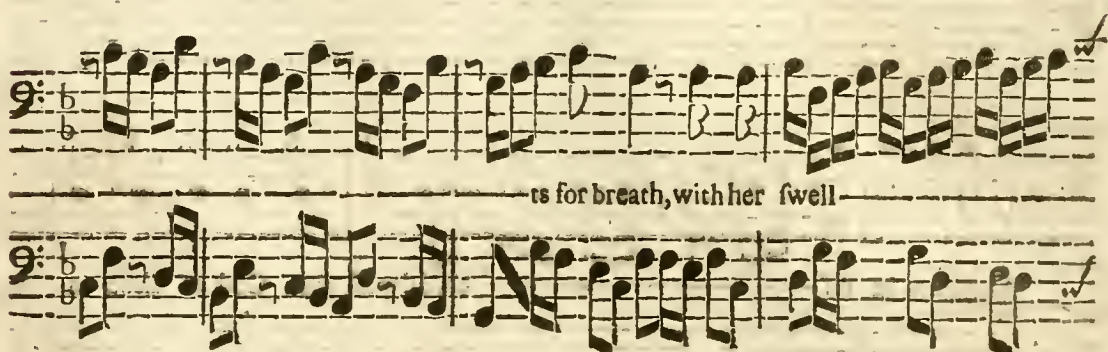




bode; by the Croaking of the Toad, in their



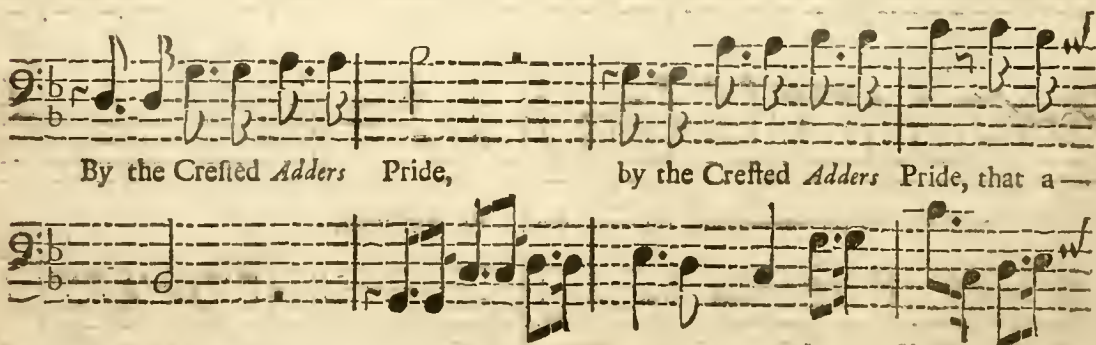
Caves that make a — bode; Earthy *Dun*, Earthy *Dun* that pan —



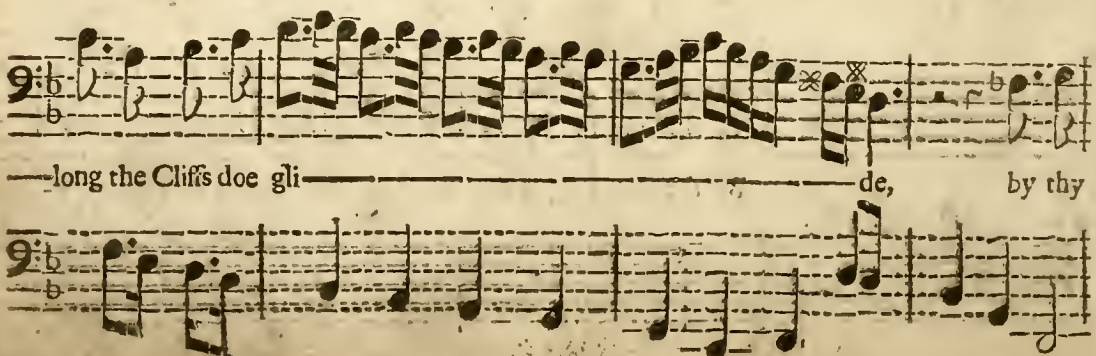
— rs for breath, with her swell —



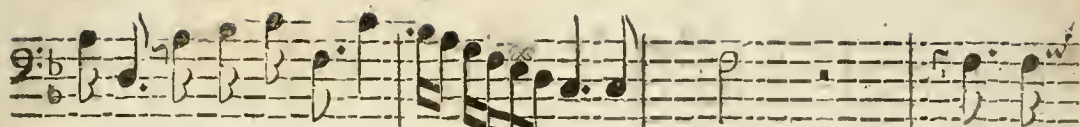
— d fides full, fu — ll, fu — ll of death;



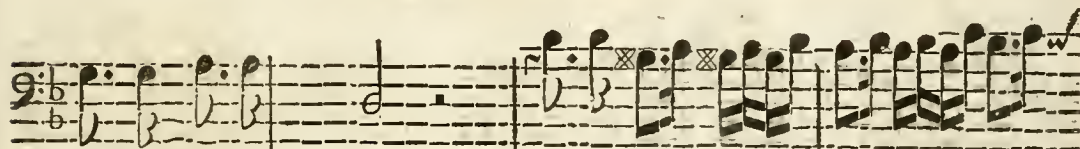
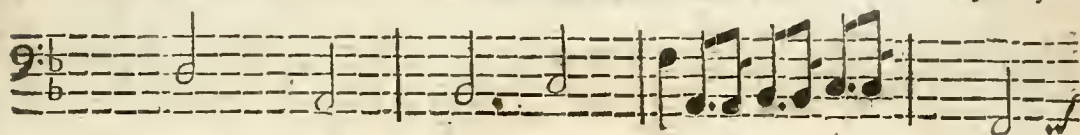
By the Crested *Adders* Pride, by the Crested *Adders* Pride, that a —



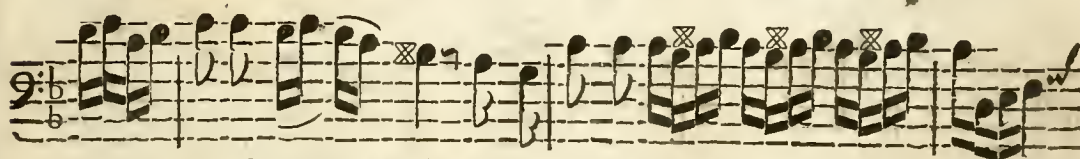
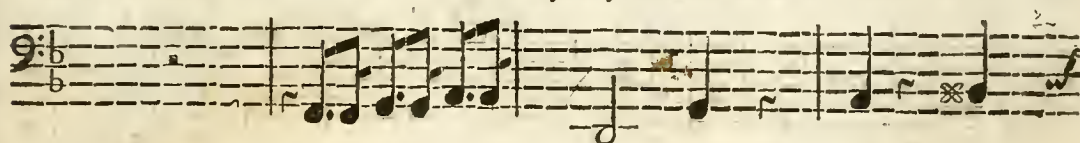
— long the Cliffs doe gli — de, by thy



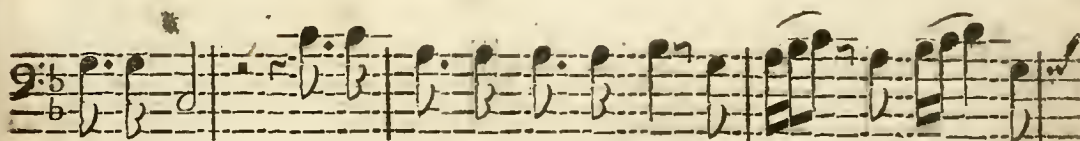
Vifage, by thy Vifage feir ——— ce and black, by thy



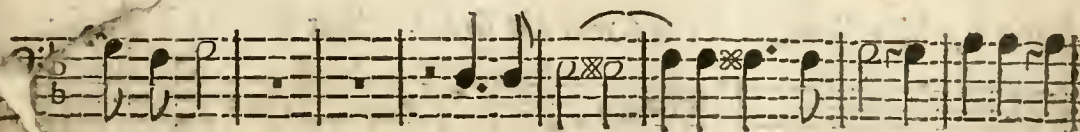
Deaths Head on thy Back; by thy twis ———



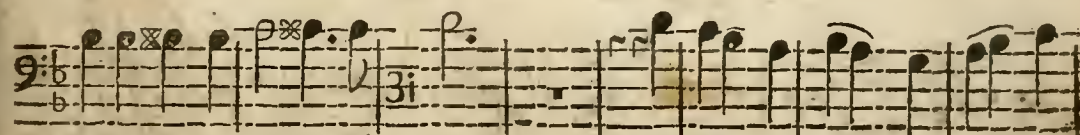
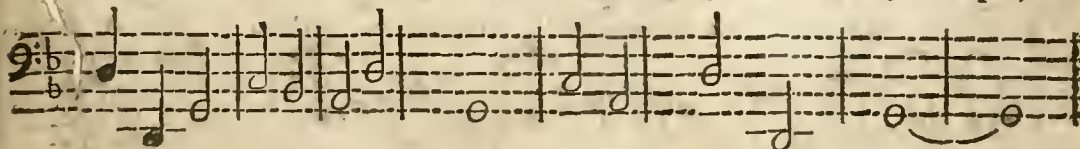
red Ser-pents plac'd, for a Girdle rou ———



—nd thy Waist; by the Hearts of Gold that deck thy Breast, thy Shoulders



and thy Neck; from thy Sleep ——— ing Mansion rise, and open, and

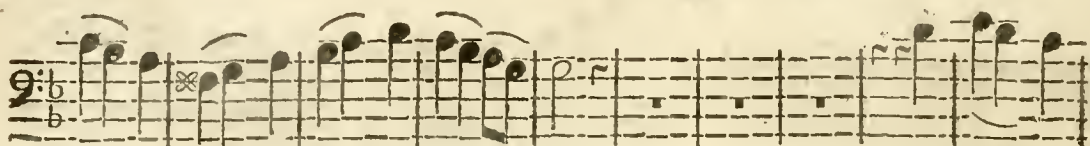
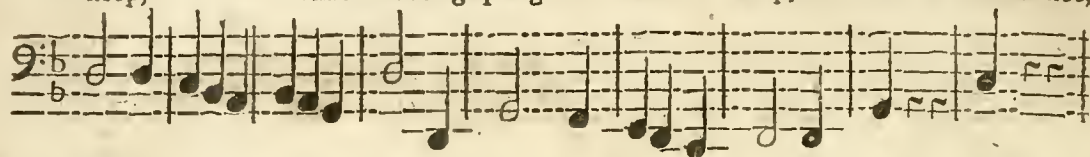


open thy un — will — ing Eyes. While bubbling Springs their Mu-sick

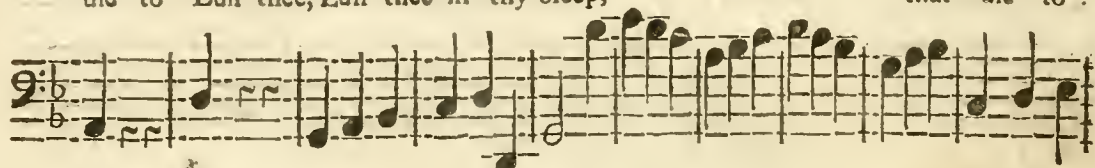




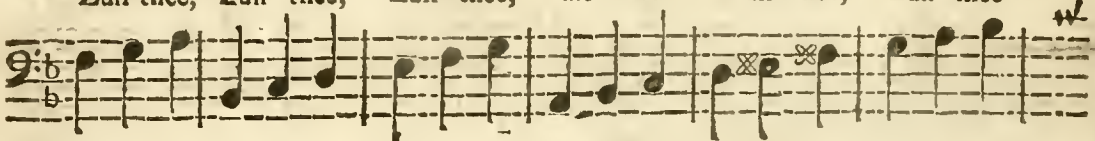
keep, while bubbling Springs their Musick keep, that use to Lull thee,



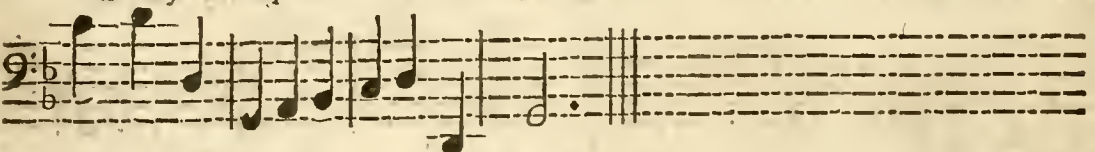
use to Lull thee, Lull thee in thy Sleep, that use to



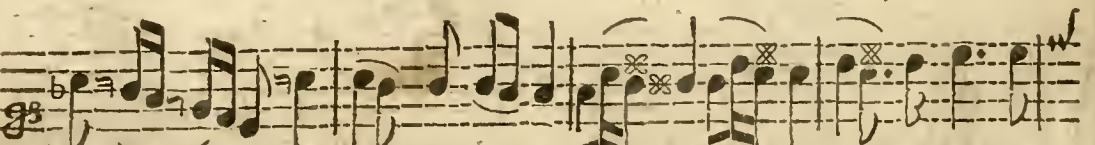
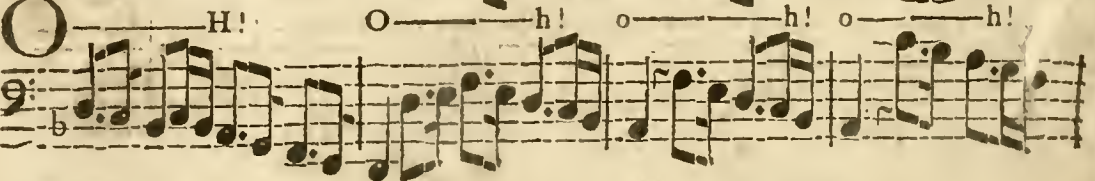
Lull thee, Lull thee, Lull thee, use to Lull thee, Lull thee



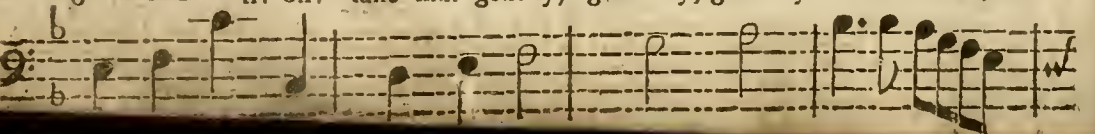
in thy Sleep.



Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle in *Cyrus the Great*. Sett by Mr J. Eccles.



o — h! oh! take him gent-ly, gent-ly, gent-ly from the Pile, and



lay him, lay him here, lay him here to rest, and I will scor ——— ch for

him the while, If hee must, If hee must burn, then bur ——— n him

in my breast. For there, there is fire, there is

fir ——— e, there is fir ———

e, there is shame enough to set the wor ———

ld, the wor ———

